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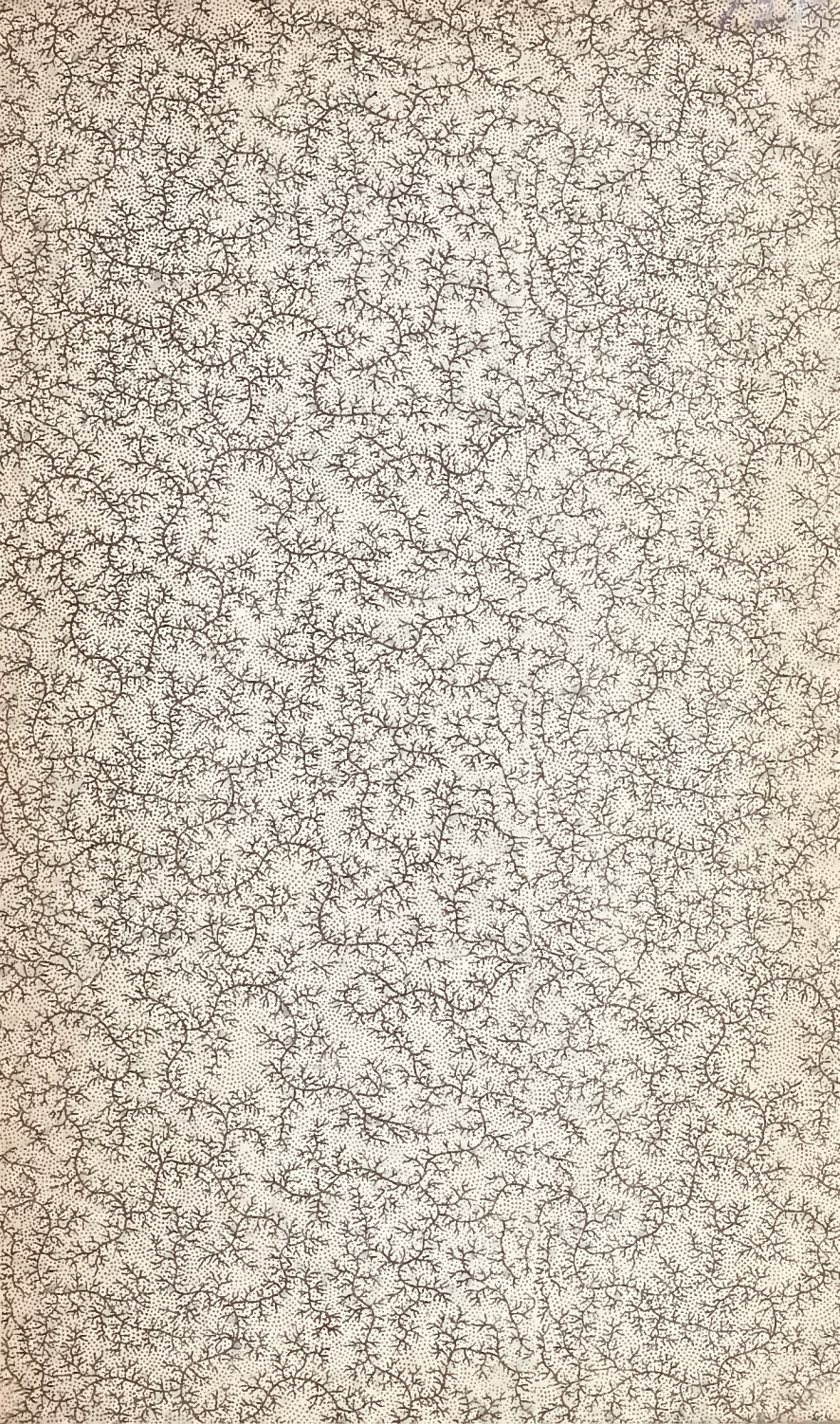
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# ✓ AMONG THE ALASKANS

BY

JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "ALMOST A NUN," "THE COMPLETE HOME,"  
"EARLY CHURCH OF BRITAIN," ETC., ETC.

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'Oh! if the Lord himself takes hold of them, that is another thing.'

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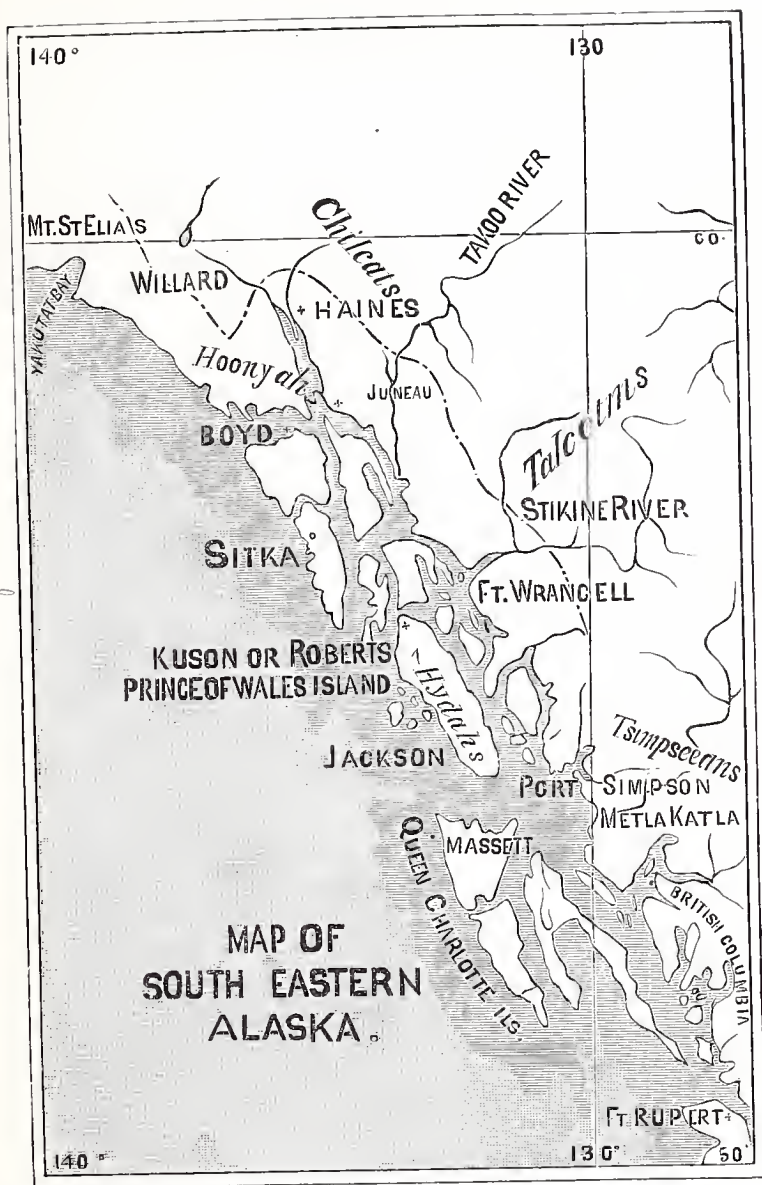
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# AMONG THE ALASKANS.

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## CHAPTER I.

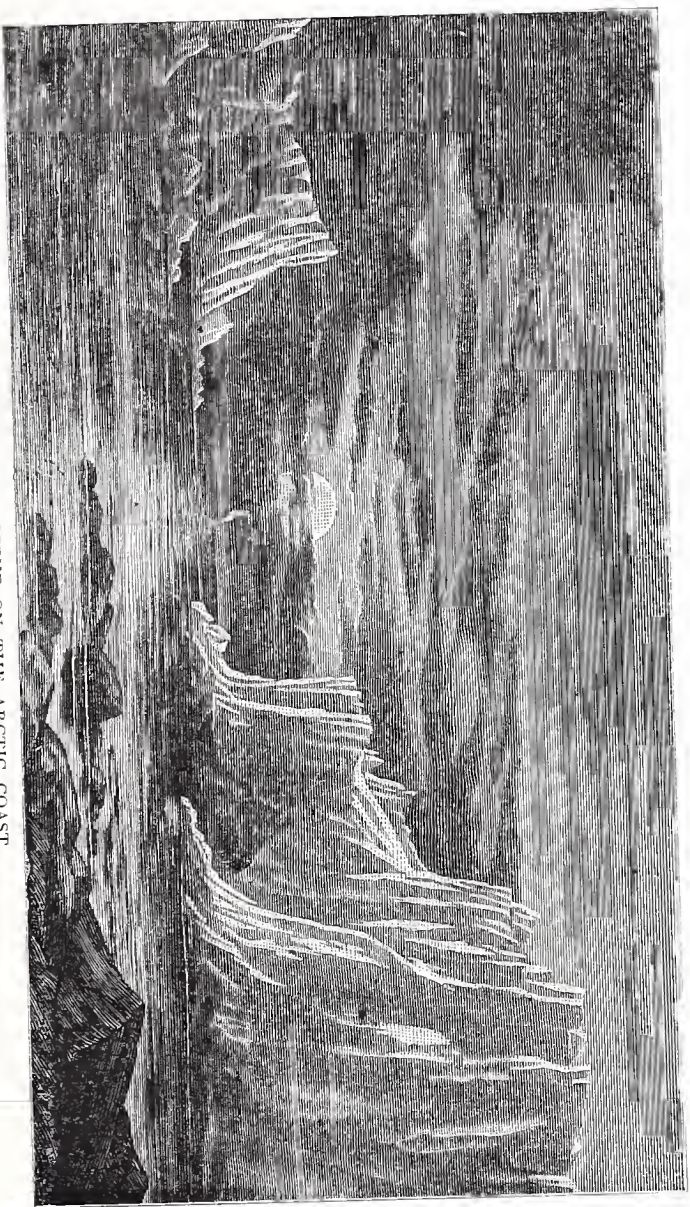
### *A VISION IN THE NORTH-WEST.*

THIRTY years ago what would have been the mental picture of Alaska that a pupil interested in the study of geography could have been able to fashion for himself from the information within his reach? A meagre paragraph in print and a narrow space on the atlas represented nearly all his sources of information. A stray book of travels might have come within the reach of a reading youth, and have afforded some few starting-points for flights of the imagination as to those far-away regions.

The student thus circumstanced beheld Alaska as a peninsula on the north-west

coast of North America—a peninsula belonging to the empire of Russia, and one which, so far as he knew, might have been trimmed off the mainland with much advantage to the symmetry of the continent, and with small loss to creation in general.

From its relative space on the map, he estimated the area of Alaska to be less than that of Maine. It had a river—the Yukon—which to compare with the Hudson would be the same as comparing Mantua to great Rome. There was also a mount—St. Elias—not worthy to be named on the same day as Mount Washington; a rambling coastline, with certain forlorn islands obstructive to northern navigation. Over this lonely land the imaginative student saw the faint shining of Northern Lights upon fields of snow; glaciers chilled the air and rebuked the incursion of men; a few Indians with dog-sledges and skin canoes wandered hopeless as the unburied dead along the margin of the Styx. The other examples of animal life were a few reindeer, certain shaggy bears and unwieldy walruses resting on blocks of floating ice.



MOONLIGHT SCENE ON THE ARCTIC COAST.





With such a notion of Alaska, or "Russian America," we who were children thirty years ago arrived at our majority. It was the outcropping of this idea that caused the land, at the time of its purchase, to be loudly called "Seward's Folly" and produced that outburst of newspaper condemnation and sarcasm which drowned the magnificent echoes of Sumner's oration in favor of the purchase.

In all that storm of opprobrium Secretary Seward held unmoved his own conviction of the wisdom of his act; but, with the far-reaching hope of the true statesman, he freely admitted: "It may take two generations to learn to appreciate the purchase." Less than one generation has passed, and public sentiment has heartily endorsed the act of the far-sighted public servant, and to the Church of God and its faithful missionaries does the old statesman owe this early vindication of his position. Two generations and more might have passed, and the people of the United States have still been left in ignorance of the enormous value of their new possession, had not

the Church—we may add, in this case, the Presbyterian Church—made known the magnificence of our purchase from Russia.

The Church of God has ever been the conservator and the pioneer of true science and of discovery. No Stanley would have flung wide the doors of “the Dark Continent” had not a Livingstone and a Moffat gone before. In a small work devoted strictly to Alaska it is not needful to multiply examples of this asserted fact—examples within the reach of every unbiased mind. Rather would we now estimate the flood of geographical and scientific light poured by the Church on Alaska, and that by the very simple means of laying the old idea upon the new, comparing the view of thirty years ago with the Alaska of to-day: then none were so poor as to do the land reverence; now its welfare and its possibilities are among the great interests of the times. For ten years the mist that brooded over our northernmost territory has been melting away. The process finds its description in the poet’s picture:



YUKON RIVER, AT THE RAMPARTS.





“ At noon to-day  
Over our cliffs a white mist lay unfurled,  
So thick one standing on their brink might say,  
‘ Lo ! here doth end the world.’

“ But deep, deep,  
The subtle mist went floating ; its descent  
Showed the world’s end was steep.

“ Then once again it sank : its day was done.  
Part rolled away, part vanished utterly,  
And, glimmering softly under the white sun,  
Behold ! a great white sea.”

So, through the mists of ignorance and indifference, slowly emerges a portion of country hereafter to become, as Seward suggested, “ many States.”

At this hint the idea of *area* first arises in our comparison, and, lo ! the tract that seemed as large as Maine, shows itself as large as all of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of Georgia and the Carolinas—in other words, one-sixth of the whole area of the United States, over half a million square miles. That river, the Yukon, that once showed so small, now appears navigable for nearly three thousand miles,\* is seventy miles wide at its delta of

\* Report of Robert Campbell of Hudson Bay Company, to Senator M. C. Butler, United States Senate.

five mouths, and has tributaries from one to two hundred miles long. The Mississippi, with the Missouri, is four thousand three hundred miles long, and one hundred and fifty miles wide at the delta of three main mouths; the Amazon is three thousand seven hundred and fifty miles long, and one hundred and fifty miles wide at its delta of three main mouths; the Nile is four thousand miles long, one hundred and fifty miles wide at its delta of five principal mouths. Nor is the Yukon the only river of Alaska: the Kuskokvim is almost six hundred miles long, and others vary from one hundred to two hundred and fifty miles.

Turning to the mountains of Alaska, we find Mount St. Elias towering up nineteen thousand five hundred feet, and Mount Cook lifts its peaks sixteen thousand feet above sea-level. In comparison with these lofty altitudes, how small does Mount Washington seem at six thousand two hundred and thirty-four feet!

The coast-line of Alaska, we find, would girdle the globe; the area of its islands is more than thirty-one thousand square miles.

Given this physical frame of the peninsula, and exploration and widely-spread information now enable us to clothe it with forests and with grazing-lands, and to people its woods and its waters with animal life, whilst, in addition to this, the prescient eye discerns enormous mineral wealth hoarded under the soil and in the rocks.

To return again in our quest for information, we see this coast-line, its deep indentings representing an extent of twenty-five thousand miles. Is there any meaning in this—any advantage? Professor Guyot tells us that “it is a remarkable fact that deeply-indented and well-articulated continents are, and have always been, the abode of the most highly-civilized nations. The unindented ones, shut up within themselves, and less accessible from without, have played no important part in the drama of the world’s history. It should be remembered, however, that variety of contour is but the expression of a complicated inner structure, which, together with the climatic situation of the northern continents, has had a large share in this result.”

That which the physical geographer would predicate from the conformation of the land is recognized as fact by those acquainted with the Alaskan population. Vincent Colyer, special Indian commissioner to Alaska, says, with reference to the more advanced natives of Southern Alaska: "I do not hesitate to say that if three-fourths of these Alaskan Indians were landed in New York as coming from Europe, they would be selected as among the most intelligent of the many worthy emigrants who daily arrive at that port." "They are a people mad after education," said an American sailor stationed at Sitka.

The mountain-range along the Alaskan coast is a continuation of that which begins in Mexico—a vast volcanic chain flung up as if for a barrier against the Pacific sea; which chain, running along the Alaskan peninsula, finally invades the ocean in a mighty loop of volcanic islands reaching almost to Kamtchatka. This series of Aleutian islands is flung out between America and Asia in the form of those rope-bridges which are still common in

South America. Who can tell if they have not in former ages served the same purpose and been the footpath whereby the children of the East found their dwellings in the West?

These mountains of Alaska have snow-capped peaks and forest-clothed sides; down their deep ravines rush melted ice and snow to fill and deepen the channels of the rivers, and with the waters comes fresh soil for the wide intervalles. These mountains are the great volcanic region of North America. Along the sharp peninsula extending into Behring's Sea and upon the Aleutian islands sixty-one volcanoes have belched out smoke and ashes within the knowledge of white men, and ten are now in active operation. To be thankful for volcanoes is perhaps to have an insight of the moral uses of dark things; and yet how many of us have looked to Vesuvius as a major part of Italy and willingly, if wearily, climbed its steeps!

But it is evident that all the physical advantages of a country will to a large extent fail of securing a population if the climate



is inveterately hostile to human life. What is the climate of Alaska?

Far north as this land lies, it is, like England, rescued from the desolation of the Northland by an ocean-current. Sweeping from the warm islands of Asia, a gulf-stream twin to that which leaves our eastern border and blesses England swells in a bountiful flood against the southern coast of Alaska; so that "the mean annual temperature of Sitka is the same as that of Georgia in winter. In summer it is the same as that of Michigan."

Of course a country extending through so many degrees of latitude must have varieties of temperature. Northern and Central Alaska have intense cold. In Central Alaska, after a very severe winter, comes a short summer, often of intense heat; but all that southern coast, extending for thousands of miles along bays and straits, and for some miles inland, has a remarkably salubrious climate, the mean annual temperature of the winter being that of Kentucky, as proved by notes made during forty-five winters past. It was observation

of this climate which caused Secretary Seward to say in his speech at Sitka: "It must be a fastidious person who complains of a climate in which, while the eagle delights to soar, the humming-bird does not disdain to flutter. . . . I have lost myself in admiration of skies adorned with gold and sapphire as richly as those reflected in the Mediterranean. . . . Some men seek distant climes for health, and some for pleasure: Alaska invites the former class by a climate singularly salubrious; the latter class, by scenery unrivaled in magnificence." Those accustomed to the clear atmosphere and the marvelous skies of the Central, Southern and Western States—skies surpassing the famed heavens of Italy—no doubt find even Southern Alaska too misty, foggy and with too frequent rains for their taste; and yet those who have lived in London know that all these conditions prevail there without antagonizing the health or happiness of men or the prosperity of commerce.

This consideration of the climate of Alaska suggests a glance at its vegetable

productions. Once we dreamed of finding there only the lichen of the North, hidden under beds of snow. Instead of this, we find illimitable forests so dense that the eye cannot penetrate their glades. Pine, hemlock and cedar, spruce, balsam-fir and cottonwood are here. Poplar attains such a size that the Indian shapes of its trunk a canoe capable of carrying sixty warriors. The birch, the larch and the cypress thrive here; and, as said Seward after personal observation, "no beam or pillar or spar or mast or plank is ever required in land or naval architecture, by any civilized state, greater in length or width than can be had from these trees, hewn and conveyed directly to the coast by navigation." Under this towering mass of trees luxuriates a wonderful growth of shrubs, particularly of all varieties of berry-bearing bushes and vines. Fifteen kinds of berries and all varieties of currants are plentiful. Hundreds of barrels of cranberries go yearly to California.

But now emerge from the forest-land, from the mountain-sides and the cañons,

from the black foot-hills, and go westward and northward, and you have a sea of grass—blue grass, blue joint and wood-meadow—which caused Mr. N. H. Dall of the Smithsonian Institute to declare that here would be the dairy-land of California and one of the best hay- and cattle-lands of the United States. Over these uncultivated spaces a splendid growth of flowers mingles with the grass: white and gold are the favorite colors of Flora in this region.

Break up the earth that for ages has borne unchallenged this rank vegetation, and you can have a garden that will amply repay care. Cabbages—one of the plants indigenous here—reach twenty-seven pounds' weight; potatoes thrive; cauliflower and celery do so well nowhere else. It may be broadly said that all root-vegetables flourish here, while the gourd, vetch and bean families are not apt to prosper. Professor Muir of California declared that, outside of the tropics, he had never seen vegetation ranker than in Alaska.

This abundant provision of herbage has made possible a teeming animal life. Fur-

bearing animals are plentiful; deer are so numerous that their flesh is little prized. The waters are full of life; salmon are abundant and of the best quality; the seal-fisheries of two small islands have paid to the United States government a rental of over three million dollars in nine years, being four per cent. on the purchase-money paid to Russia for the entire territory. Otter-skins bring from twenty to two hundred dollars each, and are plentiful; there are codfish here to supply the world when our Eastern fisheries fail.

But the territorial wealth does not consist alone in animal life. Minerals abound; coal crops out everywhere; petroleum floats on the lakes. Says Secretary Seward of a visit to the Chilcat River: "I found there not a single iron mountain, but a whole range of hills the very dust of which adhered to the magnet." The coal in this locality is remarkably impregnated with resin, making it unusually inflammable, and particularly suitable for the manufacture of iron. Copper abounds; gold is not wanting, and stamp-mills have been erected near Juneau

for the reduction of gold-ores. The marble of Alaska is inexhaustible; limestone abounds; sulphur, bismuth, kaolin, fire-clay and gypsum are found, with the less valuable of precious stones, as amethysts, agates, carnelian and garnet.

Yet, however a land may teem with wealth, it may be so deficient in means of outlet that its treasures are scarcely available. Is this the case with Alaska? We recall what has been said of the coast-line. The variety of indenture of the coast depends on the mountains that form a rampart, and on the rivers that break through them. These mountains, advancing their spurs into the sea, afford capes and promontories, and deep water near the coast, while the outcome of the numberless rivers will open highways to the interior. The coast is lined with commodious harbors; sites for manufacturing and commercial towns abound; navigable streams give means of conveying the enormous mineral, vegetable and peltry wealth of the interior to the sea, and so to our commercial centres.



Here, then, is a land, not too difficult of access, containing in itself material for food, fuel, lights, shelter and much of the clothing of men, abounding in sources of wealth—a land in climate suited to human life and human activity. The territory at which we scoffed as an unendurable waste of snow, a rocky desolation, promises to be a rich and noble portion of our wonderfully favored country. It waits for its inhabitants, for the alphabet and the ten commandments, for the Church, the common school and civil law.

Far in the north-west a door of vision has been flung wide open before our eyes; across the leaping waters at the edge of the sunset, under the flaming of its dazzling auroras, we gaze at it, rich beyond belief in what the good God has hoarded there for the youngest-born of the nations; and we see Russia and America courteously treating for it, and we recall that word: "All this did Ornan as a king give a king."

## CHAPTER II.

### *A STORY OF THE PAST.*

WHEN the year 1867 opened, the Russian drum-beat and the Greek church-bell woke the echoes more than half-way around the world. From the Baltic Sea, St. Petersburg and Novgorod; across the Dnieper, the Volga and the Ural; over the steppes and the Siberian wastes; along the Obe and the Yenesei and the Lena; down the peninsula of Kamtchatka and beyond Behring's Straits and Behring's Sea; into Alaska, up the Yukon and to the Mackenzie,—echoed the drum and pealed the bell. Then Bayard Taylor wrote:

“And may the thousand years to come—  
The future ages wise and free—  
Still see her flags and hear her drum  
Across the world from sea to sea.”

The American part of her possessions Russia ceded to the United States in Octo-

ber, 1867, for the sum of seven million two hundred thousand dollars. With the territory came into our hands Indian, creole and Russian inhabitants—of the last but few, of the first an aggregate of tribes given by the census of 1880 as thirty thousand. These tribes are classed by most writers under four divisions, marked by certain variations of tongue and customs, but not as indicating a remote different ancestry. William H. Seward, after visiting Alaska, says: “I have mingled freely with the multifarious population—the Tongas, the Stick-eens, the Kakes, the Hydahs, the Sitkas, the Kootnoos and the Chilcats. Climate and other circumstances have indeed produced some differences of manners and customs between the Aleuts, the Koloschians and the interior continental tribes, but all of them are manifestly of Mongol origin. Although they have preserved no common traditions,\* all alike indulge in tastes, wear a physiognomy and are imbued with sentiments peculiarly noticed in China and Japan.”

\* They have Asian or Indo-European traditions.



RED LEGGINS, A CHIEF AT FORT YUKON IN 1867.



Ethnologists include under the term Mongolidæ an immense number of Asiatic, Polynesian and American families.\* The original seat of the Mongolian race was Central Asia, and thence, as water flows from the heights toward the sea, the sons of Mongol wandered into China, Siam, Japan, Thibet, Burmah, Anam and other Asian territories. To the north of the Mongols, and related to them originally as brothers, were the Ugrian races, which swept along the Arctic Circle, across Siberia and out upon the Kamtchatkan peninsula. These Ugrians—nomad by nature—had drifted up and down over Asia and Europe, and could not be effectually shut up in Kamtchatka and Siberia by a mere matter of seawater. In frail kyacks or on floating ice they crossed Behring's Straits into Northern and Central Alaska, and, known as the Eskimo tribes, some of them have remained in Alaska and others have moved along the northern part of British America and into Greenland. Following the Ugrians down into Kamtchatka, the Mongols

\* Latham, in *Varieties of Man*; section "Mongolidæ."



also followed them into America. They too had kyacks, and between the islands of the Aleutian chain the distances were but short. Possibly, in those remote ages, there were in that chain other volcanic islands that have now been submerged. The arrival of the Ugrian Eskimos in Greenland falls within the historic period.\* They insensibly mingled with their Mongolian brethren in Southern Alaska and in British Columbia, and this mingling we find in the Alaska tribes and families. Here, in Northern America, these Ugrians and Mongols† were cut off from other races, from the sources of their traditions and from civilization. The hyperborean tribes are slow and materialistic, and the entire absence of written character has greatly aided in their mental degradation; and yet no races have furnished a better commentary on the words of Paul: "Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God showed it unto them. For the invisible things of God from the

\* Prichard, *Natural History of Man*, vol. i. p. 222.

† Appendix.

creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are made, even his eternal power and Godhead."

If it were possible for God to have perished out of any people's consciousness, if the early history of our race could have faded out of any minds, we should say that these northern tribes would be the ones to suffer such a loss. When we find an idea of God, of human responsibility and destiny, retained in these minds, we acknowledge the indelible stamp of the Creator. This realization of God, of some infinite power in him and of an infinite indignation against them for their wickedness, is remarkably present in the minds of the Alaskan tribes. "The bad that is in them" haunts them terribly, and they take most extraordinary and painful means "to get the bad out." That death is in some mysterious fashion the punishment and the cure of sin they also feel assured.

Ignorant and degraded as they are, they yet have rude traces of that artistic spirit common to all the Japhetic people. With

the most wretched tools they achieve elaborate carvings on their *totems*, on knife- and spoon-handles and on little images, and no one who has studied the carvings of Mongol races—as those of Siam and China—will fail to notice a remarkable similarity of idea and treatment between them and the Alaskan specimens.

Having entered Alaska, the Ugrian and the Mongolian tribes required space for subsistence and room for their nomadic methods of life, and, being unrestrained by religion, law or civilization, fierce jealousies broke out between them. Murders, cruelties, oppressions, deathless hates, were rampant, and from such causes they became divided into so many distinct and generally hostile tribes and families. As there was constant warfare and ever-fresh cause of enmity and ever-recurring reprisals, there was no confederation nor permanent alliance among these people. The country therefore remained a wilderness. Berries and dried fruits, dried flesh and fish, afforded the people sustenance; their dwellings were of the rudest; they prepared

skins for clothing, made tools of stones and bones, were hunters and fishers. There was no nationality, no improvement. They could say of their home :

“ So far I live to the northward,  
No man lives north of me ;  
To the east are wild mountain-chains,  
And beyond them meres and plains ;  
To the westward all is sea ;”

and they were lost out of the interests of the nations.

Among the wandering tribes of Siberia traditions of the departure of the parents of the Alaskans yet linger. They say that ages ago their ancestors, finding the sea filled with solid ice, drove vast herds of reindeer before them and went far to the north-east, to a land whence they have never returned. Among the families that remained upon the Aleutian islands are found cave-dwellers, as notably on King's Island, with homes and habits similar to those of the ancient Cave-Dwellers in Central and Western Europe.

The first contact of Russia with Alaska came through the fur-trade. Out of Siberia

and Kamtchatka the Russians moved to the Aleutian islands, and finally to Alaska. The first traders, or *promishléniks*, were men of the lowest character and the grossest ignorance. Their vessels were of the rudest sort, and their conduct toward the natives produced war and hate. When, in 1766, servants of the Russian government entered the place occupied by the *promishléniks*, outrages on all humanity characterized their procedure. Their proverb was, "Heaven is high; the czar is distant." The Aleuts did not pay tribute to Russia until 1779. In 1783, Baranoff, who had been a common sailor, but who was also a man of great energy, was made governor of all Russian possessions in America. His course was marked by rapine and bloodshed, antagonizing all efforts for the improvement of the natives. In 1793, when the empress Catherine commanded Greek Church missionaries to go to Alaska to instruct the natives in religion, she also ordered convicts to be shipped from Siberia to teach them agriculture. News of the unscrupulous conduct and

abuses of power of Baranoff moved the Russian government, in 1804, to send Resánoff, a wise and good man, to redress grievances. Resánoff died in 1807, and Baranoff lost no time in reverting to his former wrong-doings. In 1824 and 1827 conventions were signed, first between the United States and Russia, settling the boundaries of Russian America and the rights of the waters, and then between England and the United States, leaving territory west of the Rocky Mountains open to all parties for ten years. The Russians now built forts, sent more settlers and released the Aleuts from the payment of taxes, but forced them to trade entirely with Russian companies ; and they also explored, to some extent, the Alaskan mainland. We are told that "the Aleuts were subject to the most horrible outrages ; they were treated as beasts rather than as men. An Aleut's life was of no value."

In fact, in the nine years between the years 1799 and 1808 they were reduced in number *nearly one-half*, and between the years 1808 and 1870 to one-fifth of



that remaining half. "They were utterly crushed by the early traders."

In 1859 the Russian government made another effort to right wrongs and relieve the natives from the oppressions of the traders. Schools for boys and girls were established. Three hospitals were opened, and an asylum for the old and the poor was established. But the advantages of all these institutions were coolly reserved by the white people for themselves and their creole families. An effort was also made by the imperial government to stop the sale of liquor, and, in 1862, Russia refused to renew to the fur company the charter which had been so greatly abused.

Persecuted and destroyed on every hand, denied all comfort and eaten up by disease, the natives, as Veniaminoff says, were seized with a "great hunger for the word of God" and a desire to find the way to heaven. But we will give some fuller sketch of the progress of Russian missions.

On June 30, 1793 the empress Catherine of Russia had issued an order that missionaries should be sent to her colonies in

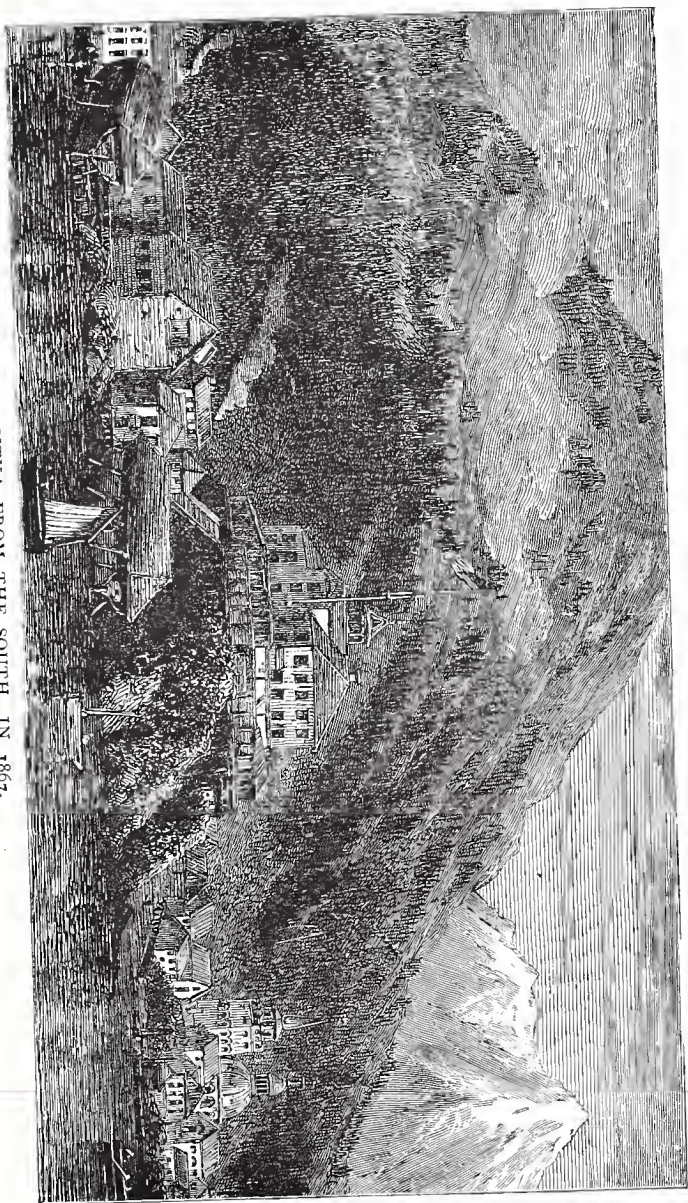
America. The first teachers of the Greek Church who expatriated themselves in obedience to this command were eleven monks, under the leadership of Jóasaph, an elder in the Augustinian order of the Russian State-Church. In 1796, Jóasaph was made a bishop, and, returning to Russia for consecration, secured funds for building a church, which was erected the same year, in Kadiac. Kadiac was for many years the headquarters of the Greek Church in Alaska.

This island of Kadiak lies off Cook's Inlet, and here, in 1792, a year and more before the arrival of the Greek missionaries, a school had been established for Indian and creole children and for the few Russian youth belonging to the families of the employés of the Russian fur company. About 1799 a school of the same kind was established at Sitka, then called New Archangel. Instruction was given in the Russian language, in arithmetic and in religion as held by the Greek Church.

In 1799, Bishop Jóasaph and his missionaries, starting on a voyage of visitation to the scattered villages along the coast and

over the islands, were overwhelmed in a winter storm, shipwrecked and drowned; only one missionary remained alive. For eleven years this lonely monk remained in the Russian colonies, holding his post with a persistency that has in it much of the heroic. We can imagine his solitary journey, his burial of the dead. As he stands by the open graves a wonder creeps into his mind whether he shall die here and be laid in the earth without ceremony or prayer. He preaches in the church at Kadiak; he goes on preaching missions to other places, passing over the way where his brethren perished; he teaches in the school; he baptizes the infants. Russia and his Church have forgotten him. The summer of 1809 is closing; another winter of his solitude is upon him. He stands in the harbor of St. Paul, sharing the intense eagerness of all about him at the sight of a Russian vessel approaching the little town. There will be news from home! But now, among the throng of servants of the fur company, of sailors and traders, behold a gowned ecclesiastic. Help has come to him at last

SITKA FROM THE SOUTH, IN 1867.





The work of establishing schools and churches, as carried on by two men, was slow. The Alaskans were found eager to learn, quick in acquiring, ready to accept the forms of the Greek faith. Only those who resided permanently near the stations of the fur company received any instruction: there was no seeking out of the tribes of the interior.

Meanwhile, the entire native population received evil from the white men; vices spread among them, if enlightenment did not. To the cruelties of their natural barbarism were added the immoralities fostered by their new masters, and the dark races began slowly to melt away, devoured by their own sins.

In December, 1822, three more priests arrived from Russia, sent by the government; but they seemed to be men with little faith in what they taught and with little zeal for souls.

In 1823 a truly missionary spirit arrived in Russian America. Innocentius Veniaminoff began his labors in Unalashka. Pure in life, enlightened in belief, greatly desi-



rous of spreading the gospel, a man of ability and wisdom, Veniaminoff was really the founder of the Greek Church in Alaska. Funds for the work were not lacking. Beside what the Greek Church did *pecuniarily* for their missions in Alaska, all that the Presbyterian Church has contributed sinks into insignificance.

Some of our people thought that we "were doing too much for Alaska" when seven thousand six hundred dollars were spent in building the McFarland Home; when ten thousand dollars were asked for four stations, and "hundreds of packages were sent annually" to our workers in that field. Compare with this the money given there by Russia. The Russian fur company were taxed six thousand six hundred dollars yearly for missions; the Greek Church mission fund gave two thousand three hundred and thirteen dollars and seventy-five cents annually to the same cause; eleven hundred dollars came from the candle-tax; and private individuals gave so liberally that a surplus accumulated to the amount of thirty-seven thou-

sand five hundred dollars, which was loaned at five per cent., the interest being used on the field.

Veniaminoff was made bishop in 1840; in 1841 he established an ecclesiastical school at Sitka, and in 1845 further enlarged and endowed this school, so that it was raised to the rank of a Greek church-seminary.

The work of the Greek Church in Alaska increased under Veniaminoff until it had seven missionary districts, with eleven priests and sixteen deacons, with a proportionate number of schools; and in 1869 it claimed over twelve thousand baptized members.

Veniaminoff received the due reward of wisdom and zeal: he was advanced from one high station in his Church to another. Alaska lost him when he was made Metropolitan of Moscow, but his interest in the welfare of the American colony did not cease.

If the schools in Alaska had been effective in proportion to their number, some good might have been accomplished by them. Little, however, was taught but the

rites of the Greek Church and the Russian language. The attendance of Indians was not encouraged; whites and half-breeds made up the list of pupils.

As Finns, Swedes and Germans were employed in Alaska by the Russian fur company, a Lutheran missionary was sent in 1845 to preach to members of the Lutheran Church; he was maintained by the Russian government. In 1852 this missionary was succeeded by Mr. Wintec, who remained until the purchase, when Russia withdrew his support. These ministers were commissioned in the interests of members of their own Church, spoke only German and Swedish, and, being ignorant of the Indian dialects, made no impression on the natives and did not undertake evangelistic work among them. In 1860 a colonial school was opened; in 1862, out of its twenty-seven students, only one was a native.

Veniaminoff had in 1825 established at Unalashka his first station, a school for natives, and by 1860 it had seventy-three pupils, the girls preponderating.

A school for natives on Amlie Island had thirty pupils. No effort was made to civilize the natives, to establish them in villages, to Christianize them, to teach them agriculture or the arts of domestic life, but Russia gave them laws, schools and Greek churches. They were not urged to enjoy any of these privileges, but they were open to them.

A territory so distant from the home-country as was Alaska from Russia was rather a drain upon the national purse than a source of profit. Settlers and soldiers were sent so far away to little purpose, and in time of war the colony might be a positive disadvantage. Russia and England have never harmonized in policy. The Great Bear of the North and the Lion of England delight in a mutual display of teeth and claws. Russian America, lying close upon British America, would, in the event of war, be open to English occupation, and to protect it demanded a diversion of forces, the sending of ships, men, stores and arms for immense distances, the defence being rather

an affair of national pride than for the protection of a land of which Russia could utilize the resources. These were among the reasons which urged Russia to divest herself of a territory that Secretary Seward was eager to acquire for the United States.

In 1867 this purchase was completed. The flag of Russia was hauled down, and the Stars and Stripes floated in its place; Russian America was renamed by its Indian title, Alaska—Al-ak-shak, “the great land.” New Archangel took its native name of Sitka, and two little islands were leased to the “Alaska Commercial Company” at a rental sufficient to pay the interest on the purchase-money of the entire territory.

When Alaska was delivered to the United States, the Russian schools and churches were for the most part closed; the Russians, with other Europeans who had been in the employ of the fur company, returned to Europe; the Lutheran minister retired with his flock. A few United States soldiers were placed in the former Russian

forts ; the employés of the Alaska Commercial Company began their work ; the newspapers exhausted their sarcasm and condemnation ; the Church seemed not to think of Alaska as a part of "all the world" covered by her divine commission, saw not the thirty thousand dusky forms marching down on death, heard no wail : "We go down in the dark !" The land was left without law, government, teachers, preachers, schools or charities.

## CHAPTER III.

### *A NEW VIEW OF AMERICAN CITIZENS.*

WHEN the United States purchased Alaska, thirty thousand human beings and very nearly six hundred thousand square miles of territory were acquired. Our new citizens, then, cost two hundred and forty dollars per head, and each one came dowered with over twelve thousand acres of land. It is true that there was much of snow-buried, bare-rock, desolate land in the new country, reaching as it did far away into those Arctic regions where the white bear finds his home, but it is also true that not often are farms of twelve thousand acres found without waste-lands. Such was the cost of our new population ; such was their heritage. We would now inquire into the character and the quality of the individuals, and the value, the prospects and the possibilities of their inheritance.





HERALD ISLAND, IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN.



First, then, as to the *character*, the *customs* and the *beliefs* of the Alaskan tribes.

The Russians, after an occupation of Alaska for over one hundred years, had left the natives very much as they found them. Those near the coast and the trading-stations had to a certain extent learned to wear white men's clothing; they had acquired ideas of trade and of money. A few had been taught the Russian and the German language, had learned to read and had received some vague notions of the rites of the Greek Church; but the mass of the people, the tribes of the interior, were in the same condition of barbarism as before the Russians entered their country. The Aleuts, or Indians of the islands, had the closest association with the Russians, assumed their customs, clothing, language and belief. By marriage they secured such an admixture of Russian blood and so many creole children that the native characteristics nearly disappeared, while physical traits remained. This intermingling of races had its usual effect, and the less civilized melted away: the Aleuts,

from twenty thousand, diminished to four thousand.\*

The Alaskan Indians are, in general, well and strongly made, capable of great physical endurance, healthy, long-lived, hardy hunters and fishers, bold, warlike. The ratio of births is greater than in civilized communities, but the death-rate among children is excessive, as the mothers are extremely ignorant in regard to nursing and rearing their little ones. A surgeon of the United States marine revenue service reports that where white settlers or missionary teachers had succeeded in persuading the natives to live in cleanliness, to ventilate their dwellings and keep them properly warmed, to cook their food and use a sufficient change of clothing, almost no medical service was needed, and "the condition of the habitations and people and freedom from sickness furnished a striking illustration of the advantage of living under good sanitary conditions."

By three fatal gifts the white man has

\* Surgeon Robert White, United States navy: *Cruise of United States Steamer Rush in Alaskan Waters.*

decimated the population of Alaska—by impurity, by whisky, by the small-pox. The original diseases of the people were due chiefly to the influence of the climate on races who did not understand how to protect themselves with clothing and shelter from cold or dampness. Catarrhal, pulmonary and rheumatic affections were the most common forms of sickness. Vice has introduced a long line of more fatal disorders, has spread epilepsy and scrofula, and, as says a surgical report, has “rendered the people especially prone to the engrafting of strumous affections and to succumb to attacks of acute disease.”

The Americans, not deterred by the direful physical effect which Russian association had bestowed on an ignorant and helpless race, no sooner entered the country than they taught the Indians to distill liquor, and now intemperance with its long train of diseases is reducing the tribes. During fifty years small-pox has at intervals prevailed epidemically, and has caused great mortality, as no one has been interested to protect Indians by vaccination.

Let us now look at the manner of life of these people. We need no longer expect to find, along the south coast, Alaskans living like Greenlanders in houses of snow and ice. Their warm climate forbids such forlorn habitations, but provides abundant lumber for dwellings. On the islands cave-dwellings and half-subterranean houses are found. On the mainland the abodes are all of one general type: a wooden platform upholds a large house of hewn planks set on end. The houses are from forty to fifty feet square. The fire is in the centre; the smoke fills the room, and finally escapes by a large opening in the roof. The whole family—sometimes thirty persons—may be found in this one-roomed house. The smoke occasions eye-troubles; the close air breeds fevers and skin-diseases; the promiscuous crowding forbids all decency of domestic life. Outside of the large houses are small dark, half-built huts, where women are shut up to care for themselves in sickness, when they need the tenderest attention, and young girls are kept as prisoners for six months or two years at a time. Before the houses





TOTEM-POLES, FORT WRANGELL.





are erected huge carved poles or tree-trunks bearing the *totems* of the inhabitants. The son takes the family *totem*, or animal emblem, of his mother, and the succession of these totem-carvings indicates the genealogy of the owner of the house.

The Indians now purchase clothing and heavy goods from the white traders, but garments of dressed deer- and bear-skins, and *parki*, or gowns of bird-skins with the feathers on, are much used. Blankets in bright or dark colors are favorite articles of trade and dress. The Alaskan women are often skillful in dressing, sewing and embroidering deer-skin garments; the tough fibres of a long grass, dyed and split, are much used for the latter work.

Domestic utensils and comforts are few: blankets, beds of skins, matting woven of coarse grass for screens, beds and wall-linings, baskets so closely woven of tough grass or the inner bark of the cedar that they will hold water, and in which meat is boiled by dropping into the baskets of water red-hot stones, dishes made of woven grass,—these are some of the native manu-

factures. They also make weapons, tools, ladles, forks, knives and spoons from stone, bone and horn, and these articles are frequently elaborately carved. Little boxes, needle-cases, combs, masks and ornaments are among their native-made treasures; mittens, hoods, leggins, shoes and moccasins are admirably made of seal-skin. Probably no race makes better canoes than the Alaskan.

For food there is an abundance of fish, flesh, fowl and small fruits. The seas and rivers swarm with all sorts of delicious fish; the woods are full of deer; the undergrowth provides millions of bushels of berries; the coast is covered with edible algæ of admirable medicinal qualities; aquatic and forest birds abound. During the summer the Indians are constantly engaged in picking and drying berries, fishing and drying fish, hunting and drying meats and birds, packing and pressing algæ into esculent cakes and drying small fat fish for candles. The oulikon fish, which abound in the Stickeen and Nasse Rivers, afford oil for fuel, lights and medicinal use,

and the fat, of a bland taste and capable of being long preserved, is a chief article of diet.

Thus we have briefly our new citizen's home, food and clothing. What is the course of his daily life? When he is born, he is washed, well rubbed with grease, and then tightly rolled up in a skin or blanket padded with grass; his limbs are thus closely confined, and the bundle is unfastened but once a day, when the grass padding is changed. If he cries too loudly or too long, his head is held under water to teach him to be still. If the babe is a boy and has a curly lock on his head, he is destined to be a *shaman* or doctor; if he has any resemblance or mark of an ancestor who is dead, he is supposed to be that person returned, and gets his name.

Children are sometimes put to death because the parents think they are too numerous. This happens more frequently in the case of girls than of boys. The infant is carried out into the woods, its mouth is filled with grass to stifle it, and it is left to perish. In view of her own life of degra-

dation, misery, abuse, her despised condition, often violent death and horrible denial of burial, it cannot be wondered at when the Alaskan mother on the upper Yukon believes death more merciful than life to her daughter. Indeed, if the girl must come to a fate similar to that of the mother, infanticide is the greatest kindness. And only the beneficent entrance of the gospel can make the life of an Alaskan woman such that it shall be well for her to cherish the existence of her baby-girl.

The infant who is allowed to live, being rolled up in its grass and skin padding, gets very little care during the first year of its life. The child is not kept clean; its mother often indulges in gluttony and drunkenness, so that she is unfit to nurse it, and consequently a great many little ones perish in their first year. Unswathed at last and allowed to shift for itself, fed liberally on crude food, seal-fat, dried meat and dried fruit, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather, many children die of colds or stomachic diseases before they are five years old.

At about this age the children, both boys and girls, are taught to catch and clean fish or spend weeks in summer gathering berries. As they grow older they learn the simple arts of their race—to make houses, canoes, clothing and carving. At ten or twelve years of age the Alaskan girl is shut up in a perfectly dark and fireless hut so small that she cannot stand erect in it. Here she remains from three months to two years, seeing no one, no one approaching her but her mother, who brings her food, and may possibly take her out in the darkness of night if she is carefully wrapped in blankets. If the girl survives this horrible probation, she is brought out, given new clothes, has a metal pin driven through her under lip, her face and neck tattooed and a feast is given. If she is very pale and frail from her long seclusion, and if she marries immediately, the end of her existence is supposed to be attained.

When an Alaskan is sick, he calls for the shaman, or doctor, who is believed to be possessed with the devil, and therefore very wise. The shaman demands gifts and

then more gifts, and yet more, until he has exhausted the resources of his patient. He then declares the cause of the illness to be witchcraft, and after howls, dances and mad uproar points out some poor family, some defenceless woman, some aged person or little child, as the one in whom the spirit of the witch is supposed to be lodged. Once accused, the unhappy victims are seized, tortured, beaten, starved, burnt, until they confess or die—or more often confess *and* die.

To become a *shaman*, *ih̄t* or medicine-man, the Alaskan boy passes through much such a probation as his sister undergoes for no object at all. The youth is shut up in a hut and starved, exposed to privations and tortures, wrought up to frenzies which must result in a species of epilepsy, if he is to be a proper *ih̄t*. He is then fed on raw dog and human flesh, and at last becomes one of the favored order of shamans—an arbiter to his people, an incarnate demon whom no one dares dispute, a vampire living on the very life-blood of his tribe, their terror in health, their master in dis-



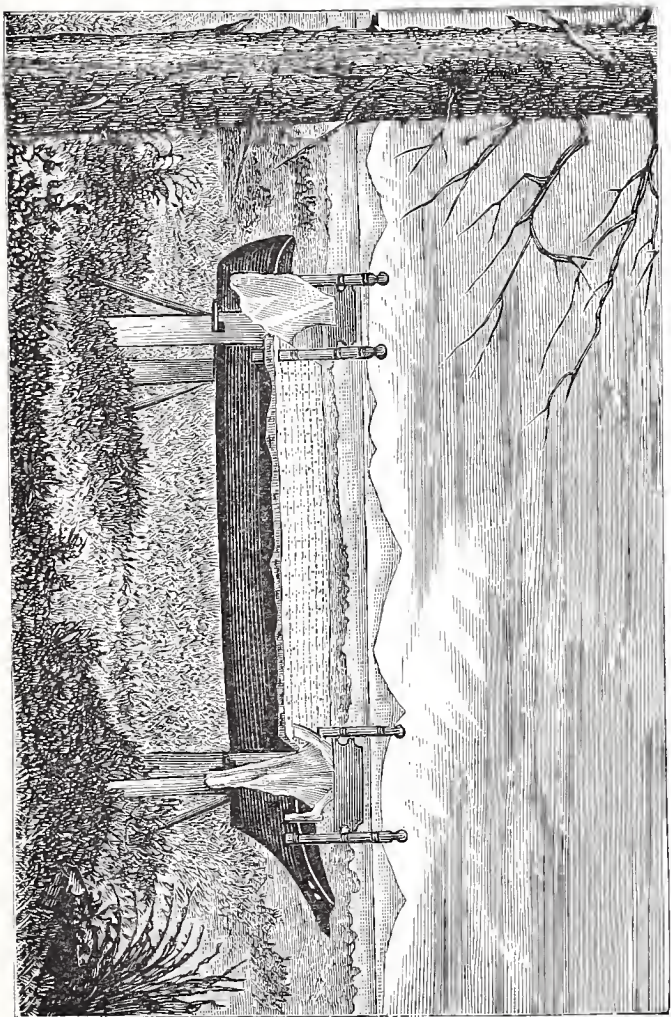
ease, the disposer of their souls and of their bodies when they are dead. There is a strong similarity between the shamanism of Alaska and the fetichism of Africa.

We make a few notes concerning the *religious belief* of the Tlinkets.

Religious traditions are orally preserved with great care by the Alaskan Indians, and the main myths are invariable from age to age. To these have been added other legends and episodes, arising from a desire to deify after his death some favorite chief, or to celebrate certain localities in their territory, or as the *ihts* have taken pride in inventing new tales and having them embodied in song by local bards. Each tribe had one family set apart to learn and rehearse the mythology, and at all gatherings, great or small, some part of it was recited. The Tlinkets believe in a personal god, eternal, self-existing, immaterial, infinite in power and wisdom. This god they think exists in two persons—first, the judge, rewarder or chastiser of souls, according to their deeds. This person had but one visible manifestation, as a white

bird. The second person of this one god is the preserver, providence, sustaining all things, aiding those who cry to him, feeding man and beast. To this ancient, original belief in one god the Tlinkets have added recognition of a group of demigods gross and grotesque. These gods control especial forces of nature.

In some minds the one great god is etherealized into an *essence*, a pervading influence, a grand bodiless *Pan*, inspiring all nature, but the lesser gods are coarse, cunning, cruel, animal. Of these gods the tide-spirit was first. Yeatt, the crow, has a strong likeness to *Loki* of the Scandinavian myths. The misconduct of Yeatt caused the tide-god once to rise and *drown the world*, sweeping sea-shells to mountain-tops, where they lie to this day. Yeatt made man out of *moss and earth*—out of moss, to give him reproductive power; of earth, that he might be perishable. He gave men fire and taught them arts. The tide-god sent a flood to drown all men, and Yeatt put them in a canoe and towed them to a high mountain.



A CANOE-BURIAL.



None of these lesser gods are objects of worship. Demons and witches are also believed to exist, having knowledge of the future and malign power over men.

Such being the life of the Alaskan, what is the manner of his death? With little skill in medicine or surgery and no knowledge of nursing, he falls a ready prey to physical disasters. The "shaman" haunts his closing hours and arbitrates the disposal of his body. The *iht*, having performed his incantations, reveals that the man will die. His gathered relatives surround him until the last breath is drawn, and then break into loud songs to waft the soul to spiritual habitations. Among some tribes the body is doubled up, wrapped in skins and placed in a canoe hung on poles, where it remains until body and burial-place alike crumble into ruin.

Cremation is, however, a favorite method of disposing of a corpse. A pile of logs is made; the body, wrapped in mats or skins and covered with resinous wood, is placed on the pyre, and, the heap being set on fire, in about two hours the whole is

reduced to ashes. The ashes of the body and the few bones that may remain are put in boxes and placed in a hut. Slaves when they die are flung into the sea to feed fishes or left in the woods for birds and wild beasts to devour.

Among the Southern Alaskans cremation is universal.\*

Among the Kaviaks and their kindred tribes polygamy is common. Among the Nehennes and Talcolins widows are compelled to burn themselves at the funeral pile of their husbands, though they are not burned to death.

Slavery exists in most of the tribes.

Murders and malicious injuries are to be atoned for by lives from the offending family, in number proportioned to the social importance of the injured party.

The Alaskan does not forget his kindred after the hour of their death. The heathen seldom fall to a state of mental degradation which denies the existence of angel and spirit—of a world to come, of future

\* Of this matter of burial we will speak more fully in a chapter yet to come.

reward and penalty. These are of the invisible things of God originally impressed on the human race. Around the corpse the family chant their sacred song, handed down to them long ago from the spirit-land, and on its eight sections wildly sung the soul of the dead floats out of the circle of the living and begins its long journey to the Unseen.

Through dark forests filled with underbrush, each shrub of which is a demon seeking to hold the spirit back from a better land, he goes, aided by the songs of his family. Next, howling dogs bound at him, seeking to transform him to their own likeness; but, helped by the song-prayer, he reaches the beach of a lake, beyond which lies the city of the happy dead. A canoe waits to ferry him over.

These Indians, for uncounted generations cut off in Alaska from other races of men, have myths that strongly remind us of their most distant brethren in Japheth, the Latins and Greeks. Cerberus, Styx, Elysium,—how the likeness of the early traditions hints of the ancient unity of the race!

Arrived at Stickagow, the blessed city,



the soul cannot share its joys until the body left behind is burned. Even then, until food and clothing have been burned for his comfort in Stickagow, he cannot fully enter into its peace. This idea is very like that of his Chinese brethren, who always burn paper and tinsel *roba* for the use of the soul. In former times slaves were slaughtered at their master's funeral, so that he might be well served in Stickagow. If the spirit wearies of Stickagow, it may return. Going back along the way by which it came, it hovers round its old home until a child is born; then, entering into the babe's body, the returned spirit has a second existence.

Stickagow is the city for those who die in their beds; Kema is a nobler place, a fourth heaven of joy, kept for those who die in battle. There, on the topmost steps of glory, shines a golden gate, and, *called by name*, the warrior ascends a shining ladder and enters a land of glorious beauty. The soul of the dead hero needs no aiding-song, no pyre, no burnt food, clothes or slaves. His *ghost* has gone before his

spirit to herald its coming, and all things in Kema wait to do him honor.

But for the drowned there is a third home, Hayse. As the last struggles are over and the breath goes up in fine bubbles the feet touch firm ground. Here is a land of beauty. A house ready built for him, fish and game plenty, sandy beach, flashing streams, fruit dropping in perpetual ripeness, salmon leaping in the sun,—he needs nothing, because he possesses everything.\*

All this blessedness of the future is for man; woman has no inheritance in this life nor in the life to come. Slavery, vice, misery,—in these is an Alaskan woman's portion. She expects nothing else; hope is dead; even for her child she expects nothing: she murders her daughter or sells her in early girlhood for a few blankets.

But, furnished with a conscience and with this small traditional light on the future, the soul of the Alaskan is not at rest. He fears the *yakes*, or demons; he

\* The European Finns have, embodied in a song, this tradition.

fears greatly a dim, awful, overshadowing, unknown God, who, being offended, abandons him to the *yakes*. Like a bitter sea, "the bad that is in him" sweeps over him; the promises of Stickagow, Kema and Hayse fail to comfort, for he knows he is unworthy of such blest abodes. With murder of all varieties, theft, vice, incest, polygamy, witchcraft, slavery, every possible vice, unchained, our new fellow-countrymen seem bad enough. One who has lived among them says: "These pictures are not strong enough. You would blush that the human family could fall so low."

Where, then, is our hope for such a nation as this?

Our hope is in as intense and agonizing a cry for light as has ever burst from any human souls. Suddenly on the dulled ears of the American churches broke this insistent wail: "Light, light! We die! Bring us light!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### *THE ALASKA OF THE FUTURE.*

HAVING now had a brief view of Alaska, its extent, soil, climate and productions; having learned the number of its native population, with their habits of thought and life,—we come to the questions, What are the possibilities and the prospects of this land? What can we do with the place and the people? Shall Alaska be left as a waste, neglected, stony, weed-grown field in the demesne of the United States?

Wise farmers have no such fields; the model farmer keeps clean even fence-corners, and that for the sake of the other portions of his freehold. Political economy teaches us to admit at once that no part of our territory must be abandoned to vice, ignorance, lawlessness, because, thus

left, it becomes a drain on the national resources and a corrupter of national life. For the sake of the country as a whole, Alaska needs, and must have, law, order, cultivation and education.

Moreover, once purchased, Alaska and its people became as truly a portion of the United States as is New York, Kentucky or Vermont. All that those States and their people could claim from the general government Alaska could claim with equal justice. All that which was a right in Idaho or Arizona, as flowing from the parent government to its Territories, was a right in Alaska. Schools, protection, laws, sanitary legislation,—these Alaska could demand in that one word of Christian civilization: “Justice!”

But, aside from all this, will labor and outlay in Alaska *pay*? Is the land worth reclaiming from the wilderness state in which we find it? Can we create there a true civilization? Have these people such qualities as render it possible for them to be fashioned into useful citizens? Let us consider this.

Here is, as Secretary Seward said, territory enough to make several States. Thirty thousand natives, even with their natural increase under good sanitary conditions, will not afford a population co-extensive with this territory. If Alaska is to make good its name and be in any political sense "a great land," a population must be provided by immigration. Will it invite and justify immigration?

Men have been found willing to dare the insalubrious exhalations of the Isthmus of Panama, to live in the jungles of India, to endure the blazing suns of Africa, to tempt death upon the Gold Coast. When man will thus, in his need or wish for change, brave destruction in the most disastrous climates, it is not to be doubted that he will be ready to enter a country unusually favorable to health, and one where the death-rate is remarkably small.

In 1877 three hundred and nineteen deaths were recorded in Alaska. Of these deaths, ten were of persons over seventy, seven over eighty, two between

eighty-five and ninety, according to the statistics of the Greek priest in Sitka. It is evident that there is nothing in the climate inimical to health and longevity.

Concerning immigration an eloquent orator and author has written: "What are the signs and guarantees of the coming of this future population? This question, with all its minute and searching interrogations, has been asked by the pioneers of every State and Territory of which the American Union is now composed, and the history of those States and Territories has furnished the conclusive and satisfactory answer. Emigrants go to every infant State and Territory in obedience to the great natural law that obliges needy men to seek subsistence, and invites adventurous men to seek fortune, where it is most easily obtained; and this is always in new and uncultivated regions. They go from every State and Territory and from every foreign nation in America, Europe and Asia, because no established and populous State or nation can guarantee subsistence and



fortune to all who demand them among its inhabitants."

Alaska is peculiarly fitted to answer the demands of people searching for new homes.

To a large extent, Europe, Asia and the well-populated parts of America have depleted their forests and their fisheries. These, like the fields, need seasons of lying, in a measure, fallow, for recuperation. Alaska offers mountains of iron, vast fields of coal, wells of oil, springs of sulphur, minerals of many kinds in abundance, and lumber which seems to destine it to become a ship-yard for the world.

California long lay in semi-tropical luxuriance upon our Pacific coast, ignored, neglected, too distant to be visited. But *gold* was found in California. Gold! It was the word of power, and by it a nation rose in a day. Gold was the spell that evoked inhabitants as if from the dust of the earth. Need brought California near. Where men are resolved on going they make paths for their feet. Telegraph-lines and railroads flash now across those weary

distances where the overland travelers toiled tedious months at peril of their lives. Panama ceased to be an obstacle. Twenty-five years ago California was much farther off, in point of time and difficulty, than is Alaska to-day. And this magician at whose charms California sprang into importance—*Gold*—is present in Alaska. British miners swarm in British Columbia, and it is not to be doubted that Alaska has more gold than British Columbia. Ten years from now gold-miners by the thousand will be living in Alaska, and they will have their families with them, because they will find transportation for those families easy and subsistence cheap.

When iron can be dug in illimitable quantities out of a mountain, and at the very base of that mountain can be got incalculable tons of coal of the most inflammable quality, it is not to be doubted that in a decade furnaces will be burning and roaring, and iron-masters getting rich, and foreign miners and iron-workers pouring into Alaska. Iron is always worth more to a country than is gold; it is a surer foun-

dation of commercial and manufacturing prosperity.

Alaska has wood, limestone and marble for her own architecture; she has iron with which to build her roads, and coal with which to feed her factory-fires; she can cut her own telegraph-poles and railroad-ties, and build her own ships; she has her own safe harbors in vast number. Here are guarantees of her early and sure prosperity, if moral development keeps pace with physical.

Other guarantees are to be found in the fact that California, lying near Alaska, is almost as magnificent a centre of civilization as is New York. Oregon is developing in all its vast resources; railroads and telegraph-lines leap from the Atlantic to the Pacific—not by one path, but by many. The distant is brought near: commerce has no longer to employ the fickle wings of the wind, but the fleet feet of steam. All these facts assure the near and magnificent expansion of the wealth of Alaska.

When once this country is opened up and provides accommodations for tourists,

a great stream of travel from Europe and America will be turned thither. Here is a region of glaciers that surpass those of Switzerland, and of snow-capped mountains that outvie the Alps, the Apennines, the Pyrenees and the High Rockies. Along the coast lie crowded island-chains that exceed in beauty that island-fringed shore of Norway which yearly attracts thousands of lovers of nature. Here, too, as well as in Norway, can be found a land of the midnight sun. The traveler may here reach a day when there is no night. He will behold the marvel at which King Alfred doubted:

“The days grew longer and longer,  
Till they became as one;  
And southward through the haze  
I saw the sullen blaze  
Of the red midnight sun.

“Four days I steered to the eastward—  
Four days without a night;  
Round in a fiery ring  
Went the great sun, O King!  
With red and lurid light.”

Then with this host of wonder- and pleasure-seekers will throng the host of invalids

VILLAGE ON THE LOWER YUKON RIVER DURING THE FISHING-SEASON (BY W. H. DALL).





and valetudinarians seeking help from Alaska's hundred mineral and thermal springs.

The initiative of emigration to Alaska may be briefly noted.

The seal and other fur-fisheries had been the great interest of Alaska from the time of its entrance by white people. To the Russian fur company succeeded the Alaska Commercial Company, with its fisheries, trading-stations and employés. American troops were sent to protect the white inhabitants, and United States vessels, on exploring, revenue and sanitary service, followed. The salmon- and cod-fisheries came next, with drying and canning establishments, bringing traders, capitalists and their employés. The lumber and mining interests becoming known, new emigrants appeared, and quartz-mills were built, and vessels and steam-launches went farther inland; more vessels came up from California and Oregon, and postal service increased. On the principle that "to him that hath shall be given," the more emigrants that go to Alaska, the more will



follow them. The more traders, the more trade will be developed.

Thus much for the white men, their position and prospects in Alaska. What of the Indians?

Strictly speaking, the Indians, though we have viewed them as citizens, are not really citizens: they are the material of which we must make citizens. What is the promise of this material?

Secretary Seward, after visiting the various tribes, declared that they are "a people gifted by nature, vigorous, energetic, docile, gentle." They are a people ambitious to learn and capable of rapid progress. We find them house- and boat-builders, living in villages and exercising certain arts. Here is a good starting-point. They are imitative, carefully observant of white men and swift to follow their example. A little incident amusingly illustrates this: At a religious meeting of whites and Indians the Indians silently observed that the white men carried their children on their arms, while among the Indians the women carried the little ones.

The next Sabbath the Indian men came carrying their infants.

Several of the pupils received into the Presbyterian mission-schools have shown a good degree of musical talent, and some draw very well. They learn the English language—reading and spelling and writing—very rapidly. Letters and compositions written in English, by children and youth who three or four years ago were absolute heathen, show a great natural ability. It has been said of them, “They are mad after education.” These Indians are prompt to adopt “white” ways of living, dressing and eating. They are eager to build houses with numerous rooms, to get their women dresses “like white ladies;” they want saw-mills, and learn gardening industriously. These tribes will travel for miles and miles to get within reach of schools, teachers and Sabbath services.

An English missionary long acquainted with these people writes: “They are so open to the gospel that, from the experience of the past, the Christianizing

of them is, with God's blessing, a mere matter of men and money: they are like fields white to the harvest." In their zeal for instruction people and chiefs have frequently given houses of their best building for schools and churches; they also subscribe blankets, furs and the money laboriously earned by fishing, by work in the salmon-factories and by sale of dried fruits and berries, to procure books and teachers.

"I am sorry," said one chief to certain merchants and missionaries who were his guests, "to ask you to sit in this old-fashioned house; when you come again, I will have a new American house for you to sit in."

Another promising trait in these Indians is the amount of loyal feeling to the United States which they exhibit. They love the starred-and-striped flag with a veritable enthusiasm, and have the highest idea of the potency of their "father in Washington." Certain handkerchiefs given them by a United States officer—common cotton kerchiefs with pictures of Washington

and Lincoln—were received as rarest treasures; they call themselves “Boston Si-washes,” or Boston Indians, meaning United States Indians, and showing their swift-ness of comprehension in having already imbibed the idea that Boston is the centre of the United States, if not of creation!

But, above all, the promise for the future of these natives lies in their religious tenderness and susceptibility. With wonderful readiness they receive religious instruction. Burdened beyond any known tribe by an overpowering sense of sin, by “the bad that is in them,” they accept with ardor the preaching of the gospel. They travel hundreds of miles for instruction.

An Indian way-worn with travel entered a Sitka store.

“Tell me,” he demanded, going up to the counter: “do you know Jesus Christ? I have heard that he came from the skies to save me from the bad that is in me.”

The story of “God’s boy that came down from heaven to save and make good the people of earth” has fallen on their ears and reached their hearts as a tale beyond

all the traditions of their fathers. Gifted with a natural eloquence and simple force of speech that seems peculiar to Indian races, they repeat the evangel to each other in the heartiest terms, and, readily accepting its provisions, abandon their heathenism and strive to live in accordance with the divine command. It has been a true delight to carry the good news to a people so marvelously prepared to receive it.

In the path of all these fair possibilities and goodly promises lie certain dangers and stumbling-blocks. One hardly knows which to place first, for all are equally important.

These Indians must have instruction, schools and domestic education. Without these they cannot reach citizenship, live in fair sanitary conditions, compete in any wise with their white neighbors or save themselves from the encroachments of unscrupulous white men.

The Territory must be provided with law and government, as the other Territories are. Thus far, there is neither order nor authority. The Indians at Wrangell held a

constitutional convention, appointed certain officers and bound themselves by certain laws. Officers of United States men-of-war have acted as wise and merciful dictators, but a government is the instant need of Alaska.

Intemperance has proved a horrible scourge to Alaska. Taught to make liquor out of molasses and fruit of all kinds, these Indians, like other Indians, have gone mad in excess of intoxication. Their orgies are horrible beyond description; fire, murder, theft, disease, death, have been there a legion of devils unchained by the great demon of Intemperance.

Ignorance, lawlessness, intemperance,—these are the three foul harpies feeding on the vitals of our newly-acquired Territory. Unless these unclean spirits are successfully laid, the fair future of Alaska will disappear under a pall of darkness, her hoped-for day will suddenly go down in blood. The advancement of the white race will be indefinitely retarded and the Indian race will be exterminated unless for Alaska we secure law, education, temperance, religion.

## CHAPTER V.

### *BEHOLD! MORNING!*

OVER the intense darkness of this our most western Territory lifted slowly the faint light of dawn. It broke, as do all daysprings, from the east.

To the eastward of Alaska, with much the same conditions of soil, climate, productions and population, lies British Columbia.

Great Britain is not niggard in giving teachers and preachers to her far-off colonies. Where the sons of England emigrate, there the care of the home-land accompanies them.

After various precursive missionary efforts during a number of years, in 1864 the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Canada fairly established its work in British Columbia, and the Rev. Thomas Crosby was settled at Nanaimo. Mr. Crosby was an



enthusiast in his chosen toils, and learned the Indian dialects with a facility that reminds one of the days when the early Church "spoke with tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance."

Into British Columbia came many of the Alaskan Indians to work as wood-choppers; for, unlike the Indians of our other Territories, the Alaskan is a willing laborer: he does not esteem himself degraded by useful occupation, and earns a dollar wherever he may.

In the neighborhood of Victoria, Vancouver's Island, the Methodists established a school, where the average attendance for two years was only ten or twelve, as the poverty of the Indians forbade their taking working-time to attend school. But two years of teaching and preaching bore fruit: a revival began, and forty were converted. Elizabeth Deix, an hereditary chief, was among the converts. She had a son, Alfred, a pagan, who was married, spoke English well and lived at Fort Simpson, five hundred miles north of Victoria and fifteen miles from the Alaska frontier. The con-

verted mother prayed earnestly for her heathen son. She addressed herself to that Jesus who is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever, and of whom it is nowhere recorded that while on earth he was deaf to a parent's prayer for a child.

One peculiarity of Alaskan Indians is a deep filial affection. Over long distances, and at any sacrifice, they will go again to see a parent. While Elizabeth Deix prayed her son arrived with his wife on a visit, and both were speedily numbered among the converts.

Alfred Deix developed a very zealous Christian character. He returned to Fort Simpson, and, aided by his wife, opened a school, had soon two hundred pupils—among whom he organized prayer- and experience-meetings and religious classes—and every family at the fort renounced paganism before a missionary arrived. In answer to urgent demands for a pastor, Mr. Crosby and his wife were sent to Fort Simpson.

In 1876 a number of Indians from Fort Simpson went to Fort Wrangell to cut

wood. Among these was Clah, or Philip McKay, one of the most pious and intelligent of the Fort Simpson Christian Indians. When these people arrived at Fort Wrangell, they found it in a most shocking condition in point of ignorance and immorality. A military and trading post, so far from any seat of authority that no one expected to be called to account for his doings, the white men were generally the leaders of the Indians in vice. All the diabolical orgies and inhumanities of paganism among the natives were allowed to flourish unchecked, and, beyond this, the Indians became gamblers, drunkards and horridly debauched and degraded.

Some of that holy fire which stirred the heart of Paul when he entered heathen cities burned in the soul of Philip McKay, who, hitherto unconscious of his calling, had been chosen of God as an apostle to his kindred. Philip secured the use of an old dance-house for a schoolroom and preaching-place. The commandant of the fort gave the evangelists his protection and aided them in securing a plot of

ground for Christian burial of Indian dead.

A few of the natives came to the new services, and certain white men attended to mock and jeer or wonder, but some also to countenance and help. More and more natives came to hear "the good news," and about fifty were converted entirely through the agency of these few Christian Indians. Philip showed an unusual gift for teaching, and his comrades desired him to devote himself exclusively to labors as a missionary. They offered to work harder and provide his food. He agreed to the proposal, and labored with all his might, his friends, out of their poverty, giving him salmon to eat three times a day for the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year. The work and the living told most disastrously on his health.

The converted Indians refused to work on Sabbath, and at their meetings the presence of the Holy Spirit was often wonderfully manifested. Philip wrote to Mr. Crosby, begging him to come to Fort

Wrangell. Accordingly, in the fall of 1876, after some six months' work by Philip, Mr. Crosby arrived and undertook to secure a church-building. The Indians subscribed money and blankets; audiences of from two to four hundred gathered on the Sabbath, and sixty adults demanded a school.

Mr. Crosby directed Philip to remain and take charge of the school, and promised to supervise the mission until the American churches should undertake its control.

An American soldier at Fort Wrangell, seeing the great good that had been accomplished and the earnestness of the people for instruction, wrote an admirable letter to General Howard, entreating him to secure missionaries and funds for the field so providentially opened. Captain Jocelyn, of the Twenty-first United States Infantry, commandant at Wrangell, continued to protect the new church, and gave to Philip some books that had been sent from the American Tract Society.

Several Christian ladies, wives of army-officers, having visited Alaska and noted

the need and desire for religious teaching, had written to their friends of various churches, entreating them to begin mission work in Alaska, but their appeals had produced no active effect.

The Rev. Dr. Lindsley of Portland, Oregon, had looked with anxiety to this neglected Territory, had appealed in its behalf to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions and had secured business in Alaska for a Presbyterian gentleman, who promised to investigate and report in regard to the needs and the promise of Alaska as a missionary field.

This gentleman went to Alaska in the spring of 1877, but a fatal illness prevented any work he might have done.

In this same spring, of 1877, the hour of hope for Alaska seemed at last to have arrived.

As the names of Martyn and Duff are inseparably connected with India missions, and those of Eliot and Brainard with the conversion of the tribes of the Eastern coast of the United States; as the memory of the Judsons is linked with Burmah,

and that of Whitman with work and martyrdom in Oregon,—so the Church will always connect the name of a zealous home missionary, Sheldon Jackson, with the evangelization of Alaska. Years of work among and beyond the Rocky Mountains had not discouraged this indefatigable worker. On the contrary, toils completed had only proved that work is easy to him who wills, and that the sowing of God's word is certain to bring its harvest. During long journeys in desolate regions his thought had gone beyond the present field to that most distant Territory of the North-west where all was darkness and the shadow of death. Resolutions which seemed to have fallen fruitlessly when they were offered in the Assemblies had left an echo in a heart which knew by daily experience what was the desolation of an unevangelized region.

Since 1869 a congressional appropriation of fifty thousand dollars, accorded in answer to the urgent representations of Vincent Collyer, had lain idle for want of proper persons to administer it. Gen-



eral Howard had again and again appealed through the papers to Christians and philanthropists to take an interest in Alaska, "but none heard, neither was there any to answer." It remained for Dr. Jackson to found the mission, secure the missionaries and arouse the Church.

The soldier's plea to General Howard in the spring of 1877 for gospel light in Alaska reached Dr. Jackson while at the meeting of the General Assembly at Chicago in 1877. He at once published this letter in secular and religious papers, and sent a copy to the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, with the urgent request that a missionary be sent. This Board, having requested Dr. Jackson to make a special mission-tour through Idaho and parts of Oregon, and Washington Territory, responded to his request and the soldier's appeal by commissioning the Rev. F. H. Robinson for Alaska; but meantime Mr. Robinson had accepted a call to a church in California.

Dr. Jackson, starting on the trip indicated to him, found his way stopped by

the outbreak of the Nez Percés war, which rendered quite unfit for mission work the condition of the country which he was requested to traverse. At once it flashed upon him that now had come the opportunity for which he had longed to enter that open door in Alaska. The Presbyterian ministers in Oregon heartily approved his proposed visit to Alaska.

But now came the question, Would a missionary of the cross *dare* to enter this land, clamorous for spiritual bread, and make merely a visit of inspection, ascertaining what was needed and how the need could be met, yet returning without meeting that need except by promises? The Indians had grown sick of promises.

Howard and Halleck, with the heartiest intention, had again and again promised the Indians to send preachers and teachers to them, and had been utterly unable to find the missionaries or the means for their support. The sending of preachers and teachers was not the work belonging to the United States army or to Congress; it was the work of the Church of God;

and the deafness of the Church to urgent appeals and representations is one of the incomprehensible mysteries of the religious life of the nineteenth century.

Dr. Jackson questioned with himself whether he could pass through those hundreds of hands outstretched for food, look into eyes wild with spiritual hunger, and try to feed them on a *promise* that he would go home and ask the Church to send them the aid they craved. And while he went—they would die! How many had perished hopelessly gazing toward a promised succor that never arrived! It was evident that right then and there a beginning must be made. One teacher at least must lead the advance; one must go as an earnest of the coming good and the honest faith of the Church of Christ. Time pressed; the season was advancing; the visit to Alaska must be made at once, and the missionary, if one could be found, must be ready to make an instant sacrifice.

One person was ready to go, and did go at five days' notice—Mrs. A. R. McFarland.

Possessed of unusual courage and good judgment, a fine constitution and a hearty missionary spirit, Mrs. McFarland had yet other qualifications for the arduous duty proposed to her. Twenty years of home-mission work had matured her experience and rendered her ready in meeting and conquering emergencies that would have alarmed other people. Sorrow and bereavement had consecrated her spirit; God had placed her in a position where she could undertake this toil without neglecting other duties.

Christian missions on the north-western coast will ever remain associated with the names of four persons who have undertaken unusual labors and surmounted exceptional difficulties. First comes that of Veniaminoff, the Greek-Church bishop, whose humility, enlightenment, charity and zeal were not only far beyond his age, but the average of any age. For years he was the sole advocate, helper and defence of a race out-cast among the nations. William Duncan, of the Church of England, is another of these bright names. Forgetting ambition,

despising ease, forsaking his own country and his father's house, counting even life not dear if he might win those simple Indian souls for the Son of God, he has created a civilization in Metlahkatlah and brought many sons to glory. The Methodist Church of Canada has given the third name in this roll of honor—that of Thomas Crosby. With a most unusual gift in acquiring languages, Mr. Crosby in six months so mastered the difficult dialect of the Indians that without an interpreter he was able to preach to the natives. Tireless in traveling up and down the coast and the Fraser River, thousands of conversions crowned his efforts. Schools and villages of Christian Indians marked the way where this young apostle wandered, and his spiritual children were those who began in Alaska that mission work which has of late so remarkably flourished. Thus England and America exchange and interchange in their close mutual relations the light of life. The fourth name which will be cherished in the future chronicles of the evangel in the far North-west is that of Mrs. A. R. McFarland ;

and the Presbyterian Church may well rejoice in possessing so courageous and faithful a daughter.

A child of Virginia, Mrs. McFarland was educated in that school which is the best monument of that admirable woman Mrs. Dr. Charles Beatty. Married to a missionary, Illinois, New Mexico, California and Oregon were successive fields of her labor; and then, in 1877, this woman consented—cheerfully consented—to remain alone on the Alaskan coast, the one missionary in Alaska, representative of the thirty million Protestants of the United States. Mrs. McFarland stood as the Church's forlorn hope in that neglected field. She had made up her mind to maintain that post and the banner of the cross or perish. Her success, and even her support, were problematical; but Dr. Jackson knew that she was able to vindicate by her works her place, and he also knew that there were enough Presbyterian women capable of appreciating a noble deed to assure her maintenance and sympathy.

On the 10th of August, 1877, Dr. Jack-

son and Mrs. McFarland stepped from the steamer, and, entering the streets of Fort Wrangell, founded the Alaska mission. Through busy days and wakeful nights Dr. Jackson had thought of this country and its needs, and now the hour of beginning work had come. Would the Church vindicate the enterprise and assume its responsibilities?

A semicircle of wooden houses dominated by an empty fort; a high, forest-crowned hill; a small harbor; a fleet of Indian canoes; white men, bustling and aggressive; dark Mongolians with their downcast faces written with centuries of wrong and oppression,—from these could the two missionaries read their answer?

But an Indian rings a bell; into the door by which he stands enter some twenty Indians, among them a mother and her three children. The missionaries follow them, and, lo! Philip and his school! Here were reverent faces bent in silent prayer for aid; here stood Philip praying aloud; a song of praise to Jesus rose from Indian lips; the Lord's Prayer was repeated, these far-off children who had been prodigal so long



crying out to their "Father." Then came lessons; then the doxology, the benediction, the kind farewell at parting.

Silently the two missionaries sat and watched as the afternoon school went on; peace entered into their souls as a benison from heaven; they found the courage of assurance. There was no need of further questioning: God himself had given them their answer. Here He who works as he will had gone before them. Amid all disadvantages, in the midst of obstacles, in silence and carefulness, this work had already begun. From Philip, at this time enfeebled by the first encroachment of a fatal disease, fell a great burden, and as stronger hands lifted it he could say, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace."

## CHAPTER VI.

### *THE CHURCH AWAKES.*

UP to the period of the purchase the influence of white people on Alaska had been little else than disastrous. Veniaminoff was the one bright light in the darkness of Russian occupation. Of the Russians of Alaska, Dall says: "The meaning of truth and honesty is incomprehensible to these degraded wretches. Life among the natives is far preferable to being surrounded by white men of such a despicable class."

The commandants of the Russian posts were often creoles or men of the lowest class, neither officers, educated men nor gentlemen. Baranoff, who was governor for the longest period, had once been a common sailor; many of the commandants could neither read nor write. To a man, they were fond of whisky; and Dall tells us

that he was forced publicly to *poison* all the alcohol which he carried for the preservation of his natural-history collections, so that the Russians should not drink all the liquor off his specimens!

The Hudson Bay Fur Company's employés in the forts and trading-posts on the Yukon and through Central Alaska were in no wise superior to the Russians in morals and manners. The one object was to make money for the company at home, and the servants of the company in Alaska were treated in a manner most outrageous. They were nearly starved; were kept in rags; were cheated shamefully; were, if possible, forced to marry Indian wives; were subjected to all manner of impositions and even the comforts of food and clothing, which were pledged them by contract and sent to them by the company, were wrested from them and given to the Indians. Dall says: "They perform a larger amount of labor for smaller pay than any other civilized people on the globe. The hardships and exposures to which they are subjected

are beyond belief. In fact, the whole system is one of tyranny, and only in North Scotland could men of intelligence be found who would submit to it. The systematic way in which the white 'servant of the company' is ground down below the level of the Indian is a degradation few could bear."

Tyranny begets vice and further tyranny; so that the influence of these abused men on the tribes was disastrous in the extreme. The Aleut Indians of the islands and of the south coast after a hundred and fifty years of Russian atrocities and constant oppression had become passive; all life and all spirit were stamped out of them. The Indians of Central and North-eastern Alaska were of a fiercer and more independent type, and had suffered less from white domination.

The idea has prevailed that the Hudson Bay Fur Company had no conflicts with the Indians. This opinion, though carefully fostered by that company, is false: sanguinary conflicts and wholesale massacres were neither revealed nor revenged by

the company, for fear of stopping their trade and preventing men from going out as their "servants." Dall declares that full as many conflicts with the whites, in proportion to the numbers, have taken place at the posts of the Hudson Bay Company as in our Western States.

Extravagant flatteries, presents and keeping the "white servants" of the company in constant subjection to the native chiefs were the means used by the Hudson Bay Company to maintain a trading-place. Forts Selkirk, Pelly Banks, Dease, Francis, Babine, Peace River and Nelson all mark the scene of Indian massacres under Hudson Bay jurisdiction.

We are told that naturally, and among themselves, these Indians are quiet, unwarlike, not given to bloodshed, but by provocation and encroachment from the whites, being furnished with arms, ammunition and whisky, they have become treacherous, cruel and bloodthirsty. Dall says that up to his visit in 1866-67 missionary efforts among the tribes of Central Alaska had resulted in little, because,

the languages not being understood, instruction was given in a trading jargon unsuitable for conveying religious ideas, especially to a people so intensely ignorant and so little comprehending principles of right and wrong.

“When the missionary,” says Dall, “will leave the trading-posts, strike out into the wilderness, live in the wilderness, live with the Indians, teach them cleanliness first, morality next, and by slow and simple teaching raise their minds above the hunt and the camp,—then, and not till then, they will be able to comprehend the simplest principles of right and wrong. . . . The Indian, unchanged by contact with the whites, is in mind a child without the trusting affection of childhood and with the will and passions of a man. . . . One fact may be unhesitatingly avowed: if he obtain intoxicating liquors, he is lost.”

This was a view of the condition of the Alaskan Indians in the year of the purchase by the United States. The purchase was made, and, in place of law, government, schools and teachers, igno-

rance, lawlessness and intemperance were for ten years the order of the day.

It was just ten years after Dall drew the above picture that Dr. Jackson and Mrs. McFarland landed in Alaska. Fort Wrangell was the outpost, and here work was to begin. There was no time nor money for further explorations of the field; the one question of these missionaries was whether they could hold this position. From the earliest days evangelists have been sent out two and two; but when our Alaskan missions opened, one missionary—a woman—was for seven months the only Christian teacher in the Territory, and for five months more she was unaided in Fort Wrangell.

The first work before Mrs. McFarland was to enlarge and reorganize the school. Philip, rejoiced to see at last the promised face of a gospel messenger, readily agreed to become her assistant. The only room obtainable was an old dance-house, which would be taken from them as soon as winter brought the return of the miners.

The stock of books was inventoried as



four Bibles, four hymn-books, three primers, thirteen *First Readers*, one wall-chart. The books were in English, and the pupils mostly spoke Chinook or trading jargon or Indian, neither of which the teacher understood.

The steamer that passed up the Stick-  
een River after the missionaries arrived conveyed the welcome tidings of their coming. The news fell on the ears of Sarah Dickinson, a converted Indian, who, with her children, was a hundred miles up the river gathering berries for her winter supply. She put berries, babies and bedding in her canoe and paddled down the river with all speed to welcome the white teachers. This woman spoke English, and Dr. Jackson engaged her as Mrs. McFarland's interpreter.

Thus, then, our first missionary in Alaska was left. She had a native assistant teacher, an interpreter, twenty-seven books, and no schoolroom. She was the only Christian white woman in the country; it was at the edge of winter, and a steamer from home came only once a month.

We can dimly imagine some of her feelings when she saw the vessel carrying Dr. Jackson away on its return trip, and his as he left her to her fortunes.

Probably the Church in the United States has never had a greater surprise than when it heard that work in Alaska was fairly begun, and that a cultivated Presbyterian lady was left there to begin it.

"What!" was the cry that assailed Dr. Jackson; "did you leave Mrs. McFarland up there alone, among all those heathens—up there in the cold, on the edge of winter?"

"Yes," was the reply, "I did; and she has neither books, nor schoolhouse, nor helpers, nor money, nor friends—only a few converted but morally uninstructed Indians and a great many heathen about her. Now, what will you do for her?"

The situation awakened an enthusiasm that has had few parallels in modern Church work.

Having returned home, Dr. Jackson published in the religious papers a series of articles which were copied into the secular

journals of this country and of Europe, and which drew much attention to the work so bravely begun in the long-neglected Territory. He also made addresses in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and other principal cities, exhibiting the importance, the promise and the instant need of the field. Such concern was awakened—not only for the fate of the missionary already in Alaska, but for the perishing natives—that special contributions for the work poured in, and support for future workers was guaranteed.

The students of the theological seminaries were addressed by him, and two offered themselves for the work; and the Board of Home Missions appointed them to this northern field.

However much the Church owed Alaska in fulfilling the Master's orders, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," it was also evident that the United States government owed that region much that the Church could not give, as laws, protection and public education. While in Washington, Dr. Jack-

son had a hearing before several committees of Congress in behalf of laws, government and schools for Alaska, and commenced an agitation which will eventually result in securing these objects. In the mean time, single-handed and almost entirely unprovided with appliances for work, Mrs. McFarland entered heartily into her task, her own zeal and that of her pupils supplying the lack of ordinary means and methods. The Indians exhibited great readiness in learning and were quick in acquiring English.

One evening two girls were observed walking on the beach and loudly repeating something. It was found that, lacking books and resolved to learn to spell, they had secured a bit of old newspaper and were committing to memory the words found on it. Again, two boys in a canoe were noticed alternately declaiming something. \* One of them was orally teaching the other the Lord's Prayer. Sentence by sentence he gave it loudly, as Philip delivered it to the school, and the other boy repeated it, until he was able to say

it through to the end. Thus the lack of books was in a measure made up.

Dr. Jackson left Alaska in September. The military force had been withdrawn from Fort Wrangell previous to the arrival of Mrs. McFarland, thus depriving her of any protection which their presence afforded. She was left with a few whites and one thousand Indians in a place without law, order or government.

## CHAPTER VII.

### *PROGRESS AT FORT WRANGELL.*

IT would take a much more voluminous work than the present to detail the opening of each of our mission stations in Alaska, the methods pursued and the resulting success. Our principle must be *ex uno disce omnes* : we choose several work-centres and describe a portion of their experiences—Fort Wrangell, as the primary point, where all was to be experimented ; Sitka, as the capital ; Haines, as providentially the scene of unusual hardships and unusual heroism even where so much was heroic. Other missions we shall also more briefly note, while feeling assured that what is left untold is quite as marvelous, interesting and soul-stirring as that which is told—that the missionaries whose path of labor is not minutely followed have

worked as admirably and successfully and self-sacrificingly as those whose steps we trace.

On the 28th of August, 1877, Mrs. McFarland opened her school in Wrangell with about thirty pupils. Philip and Sarah Dickinson studied together in the forenoon—reading, spelling, writing and geography. In them Mrs. McFarland was striving to prepare future helpers and teachers. As there were almost no books, oral instruction was largely used; thus, Bible-texts, commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and also the multiplication table, were laboriously taught by repetition. Singing the Indians delight in, learning tunes readily.

Philip taught the afternoon school and preached, using the Tsimpsean dialect, Sarah Dickinson translating it into Stickeen. Mrs. McFarland naïvely remarks concerning his preaching that he was most fluent in Chinook, "but the people did not seem to understand his sermons in it." No doubt they did not, for the jargon is not a vehicle suited to conveying religious ideas.





FORT WRANGELL, ALASKA.





Philip sent for his wife and hired a little house, devoting himself with great assiduity to his work; but already a fatal disease was making rapid inroads on his strength.

On the 15th of September the dance-house was taken for its original purposes and the school turned out; an old log house, at the exorbitant price of twenty dollars a month, was all that could be secured. Mrs. McFarland rented a little house for herself, and devoted her womanly ingenuity to making it home-like. She had no sooner moved into this dwelling than one or two Indian girls requested to be permitted to live with her. She had neither room nor furnishings to accommodate them, and reluctantly declined to keep them. To her horror, in a few days she found that the brightest of these girls—only a little past childhood—had been carried off to live with one of the lawless white men of the neighborhood. At once it was made clear to the missionary that she must have a house prepared for a home of refuge for these homeless girls,

where they could live in safety and do right. Then arose her first earnest and insistent demand on the Church for a home-school—a demand which she never ceased pressing until she secured the needed boon.

With this need of a home was shortly presented another need—that of a minister or magistrate to perform the marriage ceremony. Even the Christian Indians and their so-called wives had never been married. Separations had been common among these people, and as they became more enlightened these unfortunate domestic relations troubled them. They referred all difficulties to their missionary; and Mrs. McFarland, while judging among them with admirable good sense, redoubled her entreaties, sent through the columns of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian* to the Church at home, that an ordained minister should be speedily sent to Alaska.

About the 1st of October, Mrs. McFarland opened a sewing-school in the afternoons for the women and the larger girls; in this school there was an excellent com-

bining of moral and religious instruction with sewing-lessons. A verse of Scripture was taken, and as they worked the pupils memorized it by constant repetitions after their teacher. Mrs. McFarland gave them plain practical instruction about their moral and domestic duties, and closed the meeting with singing and prayer. She found that so much home-teaching was needed to civilize the people and inculcate anything like morality and decency of living that she entreated that a teacher might be sent to the school, and she herself be free to go among the families, teaching them cleanliness, nursing, the care of children and the amenities of domestic life.

On the 15th of October a great misfortune befell the struggling mission: Philip had a severe hemorrhage, and was never again able to share in the labors he loved. Three young men had come from Fort Simpson and entered the school; one of these, Andrew, was a Methodist exhorter, and he endeavored to fill Clah's place. A number of cases of sickness occurred, and Mrs. McFarland was chief nurse and doc-

tor, performing the work of four or five people. Sarah Dickinson, the interpreter, was ill; and when the steamer came up, the Indians crowded to the dock to see "if a white preacher had come," and went away sorrowful because no one had appeared.

On the 10th of November a Hydah Indian came into the school; at forty-five years of age he had come to learn to read, so that he might teach his people. Here was courage. The next day, with tears running down his face, another fine-looking middle-aged Indian came to the school and said,

"Me much sick at heart. My people all dark heart; nobody tell them that Jesus died. By and by my people all die and go down. Dark, dark!"

Still no help came from the East, and the missionary could only comfort these pleaders with promises, which they were beginning to disbelieve.

In this pressure of work, care and disappointment Mrs. McFarland was much comforted by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderbilt.

Christmas was darkened by the shadow of death. On the 28th of December, Philip died, at the age of thirty. His



SARAH DICKINSON, THE INTERPRETER.

Indian friends contributed money for his coffin and conveyed his remains back to Fort Simpson, among his own tribe, where he was buried beside his mother and his three brothers. His last wish was that his wife should be cared for by the American Church. It was nearly three years before this dying wish met any response.

In spite of the sadness occasioned by Philip's low state, there was an effort to celebrate Christmas. Early in the morning some sixty Indians came before Mrs. McFarland's house and sang two hymns. About nine o'clock a procession was formed, and, having no United States flag, the leader carried a British ensign; the standard-bearer was much decorated with flowers and tinsel. The procession shook hands with their teacher and wished her a "Merry Christmas," leaving her with hope and gratitude in her heart, and a resolve that next Christmas she would have a celebration for them.

The holidays, however, were dangerous and uproarious from drunkenness; great quantities of whisky had been made in private stills, and the lower class of the whites and the "whisky-Indians" kept up horrible orgies. Finally, Mr. Dennis, port collector of customs, selected a posse of men and made a raid on suspected places, finding and breaking up eight new distilleries. Eighteen in all were destroyed within a short time.



In the utter lawlessness of the country the increasing liquor evils demanded redress, and in January, 1878, the Christian Indians requested some form of government. The military had been withdrawn, life and property were without protection and grievances had no remedy. Matthew, Moses and Toy-a-att were the leaders among the Christian Indians. Shustaks was the leader of the heathen Indians, and was hostile to the missionary.

The Christian Indians appointed the above-named chiefs as a police, and for a time their authority was respected; but Shustaks raised opposition to them, and to secure an expression of popular opinion a meeting was called in the schoolhouse. Mrs. McFarland was invited to preside, and Mr. Dennis was requested to be present. Both of these argued with Shustaks, and Toy-a-att preached him a telling sermon; but Shustaks left the meeting in anger. The Indians signed a few rules or laws written for them by Mrs. McFarland. Shustaks continued his hostility, but was prevented from overt acts of opposi-

tion by the arrival of a revenue-cutter in the bay. Mr. Vanderbilt had now secured the dance-house to the school.

The need of a home-school for girls was more and more evident. As soon as Mrs. McFarland's instructions had secured the personal improvement of the young girls, making them bright in manner and tidy in dress and person, their superior appearance attracted the attention of scoundrels who at once tried to buy them of their heathen parents, and thus again and again promising pupils were carried off for vice and misery. But now two of these girls disappeared from the school, and word was brought Mrs. McFarland that they had been accused of witchcraft and were being tortured. In agony of mind she set out to release them. The school implored her not to go:

"They are having a devil-dance, and will kill you."

Shustaks had threatened her life, and would now take it. Sarah Dickinson threw her arms around her, and, weeping, declared she was going to her death.

The converted Indians, at other times so bold, shrank from intermeddling with the madness of a devil-dance, and warned her to desist from a hopeless errand; but



ALASKAN GIRL, TATTOOED.

up the beach, alone, hurried that Christian teacher to where her two poor girls were bound hand and foot, stripped naked, in the centre of fifty dancing and frantic fiends, who with yells cut the victims with

knives and tore out pieces of their flesh. Forcing her way to the side of the captives, in spite of threats and execrations, Mrs. McFarland stood warning and pleading, and threatening them with the wrath of the United States, and after hours of dauntless persistency cowed the wretches and took off the half-dead girls. During the night one of them was recaptured and killed. To rescue helpless young women from such atrocities a home must be provided.

The 1st of March, Bishop Bombas, of the Episcopal Church, passed through Fort Wrangell, approved heartily of the plan for a home, and left a small donation—the first contribution to that admirable work.

On the 15th of March arrived Mr. Brady, commissioned to Sitka. Mr. Brady made a short stay at Wrangell, preaching and visiting the school. He also, on Sabbath morning, at the church service, married Toy-a-att and Moses, two of the Christian Indians, to their respective wives. On Monday these two couples had a wed-

ding-feast in very respectable style, a number of chiefs of other tribes being present,



ALASKAN WOMAN: TATTOOING INDICATIVE OF HIGH RANK.

and earnest requests were made for more missionaries. Also, on Monday, Mr. Brady was sent for to conduct a funeral. The family stated that they had meant to burn the body with heathen ceremonies, but now, as they "had a 'white missionary-man' among them, they should make a

hole in the ground and bury their dead as white folks did." In the evening an Indian dance was exhibited, after which Toy-a-att declared that they had all danced their last dance: from henceforth they would be Christian Indians and serve God.

In June, Shaaks, the head-chief, died, and was laid out in state. After a conference as to whether they should bury or burn the body, they agreed to bury, if Mrs. McFarland would conduct the funeral. To this she consented. Shaaks's successor promised to join the Christian Indians.

The steamer *California*, coming up June 13th, brought no missionary, and the Indians, gathering about Mrs. McFarland—herself sadly disappointed—cried,

"How many moons now till the preacher shall come? Sick! sick at heart am I! By and by all Indians dead! Sick! sick at heart!"

Sure that the longed-for preacher would arrive by the July steamer, the school-girls cleaned up the house and the men

and boys trimmed it beautifully with evergreens. They had expected to have a church built that season, and it was growing late. The steamer came, but no missionary.

"No use!" cried the Indians; "we will do no more. No one is coming at all! no one cares for us!"

To supply all this lack of service, Mrs. McFarland had been since spring conducting two schools, one for the wild natives up the beach, who would not enter the town. Sixty attended this school, in an old log building, and were taught from the blackboard. These Indians soon asked for Sabbath-afternoon services, which Mrs. McFarland held.

Making a trip by steamer to Sitka, Mrs. McFarland found the mission there progressing happily, and all along the route was met by the same urgent appeal:

"Why cannot we have a teacher and a preacher?"

The August steamer brought happiness to Fort Wrangell. The Rev. S. Hall Young of Parkersburg, West Virginia, commis-



sioned by the Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church, arrived to take charge of the Fort Wrangell work.

Mr. Vanderbilt provided for Mrs. McFarland an old building which had been a Russian hospital, with a view to her starting her home for girls. The miners would soon be back in town for the winter, and the purchase of the girls from their heathen friends would begin. There was not a particle of furniture or bedding for the proposed refuge, nor, indeed, money for provisions; there was neither clothing nor means to buy clothing.

Mr. Young preached to the white people every Sunday afternoon, taught the school during the week, collected funds for a church, buried the dead, instructed an adult class, performed marriages among the Christian Indians and maintained the battle with "witchcraft," one of the forms of their heathenism hardest to be eradicated. Mrs. McFarland devoted herself to the girls, to sewing-school, to domestic instruction and to visitation from house to house.



Dr. Jackson, on his part, was imploring of the Church in the United States money for the home, and more teachers. As another result of his labors, in September the good news reached Mrs. McFarland that Miss Dunbar, from Steubenville, Ohio, would soon arrive at Fort Wrangell to aid in the school.

Meantime, we may say that the home-school started itself.

Katy, a bright girl of fourteen, who had been for a year in school, had a heathen mother. This mother, as Mrs. Dickinson learned, intended to take the girl up the river and sell her. Mrs. McFarland, by hours of earnest entreaty, secured, as she supposed, the abandonment of this monstrous plan; but the very next week the mother endeavored to force the despairing girl into the canoe that would carry her to ruin. The child fled to the woods, but in the night found her way to Mrs. McFarland's little abode and threw herself on her protection. She had come to stay! Three other girls at once claimed the shelter which their schoolmate had found. The home

was begun. Its inmates slept in their blankets on the bare floor. They had not a change of clothing. Like the birds, they had neither barn nor storehouse, and yet said they were happy.

While work was thus multiplying for Mrs. McFarland, Mr. Young found himself, at the outset of his mission, confronted by witchcraft demonstrations in an aggravated form. The Indians of the North Pacific coast are victims of a belief in witchcraft. Dall says they do not believe in a god, but in demoniacal spirits. Bancroft writes: "Thick black clouds, portentous of evil, hang threateningly over the savage during his entire life." All misfortunes, all sickness, all death, the Indians look upon as the result of witchcraft. None of these things have, to them, natural causes. The witchcraft being accepted as a fact, the first proceeding is to point out the witch. Here friendship, good character, helplessness—any circumstances proving innocence—are absolutely without weight against the bare assertion of the shaman. The accusation is virtual

condemnation: the finger of suspicion pointed is the sentence of death, and that by some aggravated form of torture. Envy, jealousy, revenge—all the worst passions—can gratify themselves in this fury of witchcraft. The shaman has only to dislike one or to be bribed by some wretch to proceed against the object of his secret enmity, and that unhappy creature is doomed. Against these enormities of witchcraft the American government has issued no laws and offered no protection. Americans have cried loudly against Great Britain that she formerly permitted infanticide, suttees and self-torture to pass unrebuked in India for a long period of years; but we, as a nation, are permitting these very crimes in a territory much nearer the seat of government and a thousand times easier to control than is India.

No sooner had a large body of Indians made some progress in civilization, attended schools and professed themselves Christians than the witchcraft excitement broke forth with redoubled fury. The

Christians were to be accused of causing all sickness or death that occurred. We have seen how two of the schoolgirls were seized and tortured. Frequently, accused persons commit suicide to escape from torments and a lingering death. This diabolism of witchcraft Mr. Young resolved boldly to face.

Old Shustaks's wife fell ill, and Shustaks accused a Christian Indian of being "bad medicine" to her. They caught this man, carried him to Shustaks, stripped and bound him and crowded him into a hole in the ground. Mr. Young and Mr. Dennis went to Shustaks, firmly insisted on the release of the victim, and warned the Indians that no one must be tied up as a witch without first accusing him before Mr. Young and Mr. Dennis. Securing this, they could prevent secret and hasty torture.

The Indians, encouraged by finding a defender in their new missionary, went eagerly to work, and out of their poverty raised nearly six hundred dollars for beginning the new church-building.

In December, Mr. Young was married

to Miss Kellogg, of the Sitka mission, and thus one more was added to the little band at Wrangell. Immediately after this came Christmas, celebrated as on the preceding year, and within a few days the Indians had several marriages "in United States fashion," with church ceremonies and wedding-feasts. Mrs. Young's friends in the East sent her large boxes of gifts for a Christmas tree, which was set up for the school Indians, and each one got a present, though the guests came by hundreds.

At this time the columns of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*, and also those of many other Presbyterian papers, were filled with urgent representations of the needs of the industrial home at Fort Wrangell. Money began to come in freely for the work, and in February several well-filled boxes arrived at Wrangell, with clothes, bedding and other necessities for the institution. Then an organ safely reached them, and in March letters announcing that the money required was furnished, and that the Rev. Dr. Henry Kendall,

secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, and a missionary teacher, would be in Wrangell in June and the new building should be commenced. But, however fast the gifts came for the home, the girls came faster with their pitiful tales and their terrible needs, and still they were taken in, before food or clothes, or even shelter, could be assured.

In June, 1879, the mission was reinforced by the arrival of Dr. Corlies of Philadelphia, with his wife and child. Independent of societies, this devoted couple had gone forth to establish a mission at their own charges in the place that seemed to be in the most need. It was decided that Dr. Corlies should remain at Wrangell as a missionary physician. Mrs. Corlies opened a school, which, in spite of many disadvantages, has proved largely useful. She chose to work amongst the "visiting Indians," or tribes who came from the interior to trade, spending only a small portion of her time in Fort Wrangell. The disadvantage in this form of work was that she had a constantly-

changing succession of pupils. The school was always full, as visiting Indians were plenty at every season of the year, but each pupil was present but a short time. The advantage gained, however, compensated for this difficulty: the visiting Indians came from far; they learned something at the school, got some view of the cross and the love of Christ, and, returning home, the school and its teachings were the chief wonders they had to relate of Fort Wrangell. Thus a way has been prepared for the spread of the gospel in the most distant tribes; requests for teachers have come; missionaries have been welcomed, and have found hearts prepared for their work through the influence of Mrs. Corlies's school for the transients.

On the 14th of July, 1879, Dr. and Mrs. Kendall, Dr. and Mrs. Jackson, Dr. and Mrs. Lindsley of Portland, Oregon, and Miss Dunbar, arrived at Fort Wrangell and made a white day in its mission-story. Miss Dunbar "came to stay;" Dr. Jackson brought the money he had raised for the

erection of the home. Dr. Kendall won the hearts of the Indians, and the various chiefs called on him as a "great chief." Dr. Lindsley found his interest in Alaska fully justified by the extent and promise of the field and by the results already harvested.

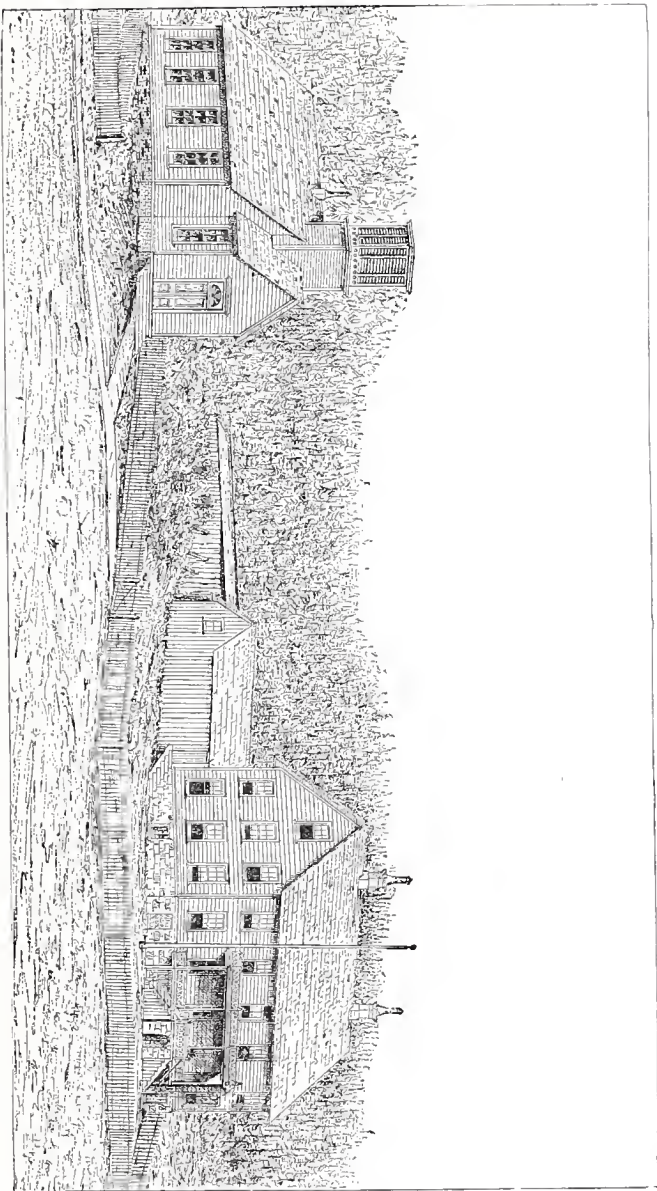
On the 3d of August a church was organized. Eighteen Indians were received on profession of their faith after a close examination, which was a monument of God's blessing on the faithful labors of the missionaries. A special benediction seemed to rest on the home from its very foundation; two of the carpenters who were employed in building it were received into the newly-organized church upon profession of faith.

The church-building was completed, so as to be occupied for worship, October 5, 1879.

The missionaries were very busy. Two hours a day were devoted to studying the Indian tongue with Mrs. Dickinson; school for the Indians was held five hours daily. On Friday afternoon the entire school be-



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AND MCFARLAND HOME, FORT WRANGEL, ALASKA.





came an industrial class: the boys sawed the wood for the coming week; the girls were taught sewing and knitting; and a singing lesson was given to all.

The Indians were now crowding in from the fishing- and the hunting-grounds, and parents accompanied their children to school and entered classes with them. At the home were twenty girls, who, besides attending day-school, were taught domestic labors. They learned to wash, iron, cook and bake, and showed great aptitude for housework.

Dall mentions that many of the Indian women had naturally dignified and lady-like manners, and we find that these girls at the home, who had never before eaten at a table nor slept in a decent bed, made rapid advancement in the manners of civilized life. They learned to sweep, dust, make beds, clean, scrub, wash dishes and set and clear off a table, and were in all things instructed to conduct a household with decency and economy. Mrs. McFarland was in them building up the future home-life of Alaska.

The year closed with many encouragements. By this time the Alaska mission and the "McFarland Industrial Home" had become of the dearest interests of the Church. Boxes of clothing and domestic utensils for the home came; the girls were comfortably dressed and abundantly cared for; gifts for Christmas were sent—enough for the whole number of the mission Indians. They came together as a happy, thankful family, without jealousy at the varied values of their gifts. The missionaries had Christmas trees for the schools; Mr. Young made an address; carols were sung, and the story of the Babe born in Bethlehem was told and retold. All seemed bright and hopeful.

Over this joy came a cloud of shame and sorrow. It rose where rise so many evils of the present day—in whisky. The holidays were always, in Wrangell, a time for abounding drunkenness. Mr. Dennis had appointed the most reliable Indians as policemen, giving them authority, under United States revenue customs laws, to seize and destroy the hoochinoos or whisky-

stills. The Stickeens resident at Wrangell had become quite temperate, but during the holidays numbers of Hoochinoo Indians—chief makers of the liquor—crowded to Fort Wrangell, and when their stills were seized defended them, giving Aaron, one of the police, a black eye. Aaron was a Christian Indian, but his warlike blood resented this insult. The Stickeens, his tribe-friends, urged him to resent it, and, indeed, thirty of them went up to the Hoochinos, but unarmed, and, demanding reparation, were attacked. In the fight many Stickeens were bruised and wounded. Dr. Corlies dressed their wounds, and he and Mr. Young persuaded them to patience. The Stickeens agreed to forgive, but the Hoochinos drank all night, and in the morning, armed and in war-paint, appeared amongst the Stickeens and defied them. Mr. Young rushed between the contending parties and drew off the Stickeens. The drunken Hoochinos next sacked the house of Moses, a Christian Stickeen, and, as the Stickeens rallied to protect themselves, Moses and Toy-a-att, two of the

Christians, were shot dead. Toy-a-att's brother was next killed, and seven Stickeens were wounded; two of the Hoochinoos were killed and several wounded. The white men, by this time armed, parted the Indians, broke up the stills and established a patrol-guard. The steamer California came from Sitka, bringing some marines of the Jamestown, and the fight was not resumed.

Commander Beardslee, of the Jamestown, seized six white men, makers and sellers of hoochinoo in Wrangell and Sitka, and sent them to Portland, Oregon, where they were lodged in the penitentiary.

After the dead were buried and the wounded healed, a deep feeling of repentance entered into the little church of Indians. Aaron, who had been carried away by his anger, publicly professed his sorrow, and the after-effect of the outbreak seemed to be a great turning and overturning on the part of the principal Stickeens, showing them the evil and the danger of their own ways, and commending

the peaceable fruits of the gospel. The mission began to prosper with unusual rapidity, Katy and Minnie, two of the home-girls, united with the church; Dr. Jackson and Captain Wilkinson secured the admission of some of the children to Forest Grove training-school: the Wrangell schools were full.

In the spring of 1880 the home-building was completed, and the school took glad possession of it. Among the pupils in this home one or two deaths occurred—deaths of peace and Christian triumph, in their testimonies ample compensation for all that the Church has done for Alaska. Who can estimate the worth of a soul?

In November, 1880, the home was visited by a number of miners from the Stickeen mines, who, surprised and delighted at the improvement of the children and the completeness of the building, presented Mrs. McFarland with fifty-one dollars and a half as a contribution to her work. In this month, also, means were provided for the purchase of a canoe

for the use of the home. The Indian girls all know how to manage such a craft, and, the home being on an island, it was often needed and could be rowed by the girls. Besides, rowing is one of the necessary accomplishments of an Indian woman, and by its education the home should not make the girls in any respect less useful wives. Where there are no railroads, stages, public roads nor steamers, the Indian girl or the Indian woman must know how to paddle her canoe along the everywhere-abounding streams, to make needful journeys. The canoe was a great comfort, and the miners' gift built for it a boat-house.

Mr. Young was visited by a Mr. Ballentine, from the mines, who gave him enough gold-dust to buy lamps for the schoolroom. The Presbyterians of Troy early in 1881 sent a good bell to the church; and thus, in one way and another, the Lord provided for the needs of the mission.

In December, 1880, old Shustaks, long an enemy to the mission, died, and his heir was Lot, one of the church-members. Shustaks died as he had lived, insisting



that his body should be burned lest he be cold in Stickagow, and that cabbages should also be burned, so that he might have food in the world to come. Mr. Young carefully instructed him in religious things, but fruitlessly; he still insisted that "he was always afraid of cold, and he should be cold in Stickagow."

The great need that in 1881 pressed upon the Fort Wrangell missionaries—and one that is common to all the Alaskan stations—was that of a hospital. The sick, especially the old, poor, orphans and widows, lie in the most terrible destitution and suffering. Medical attention can do little in the face of cold, filth, hunger and general neglect. Mrs. Young wrote in *Presbyterian Home Missions*, in October, 1881, a pressing appeal for a well-equipped hospital at Fort Wrangell; her description of the state of four sick Indian women, as given in this earnest appeal, is most harrowing. She says: "They have rested on my heart so heavily that at night I have been unable to sleep." We hope, when such needs are before the Church, the

Church will be unable to sleep night or day until they are provided.

On the 31st of December, 1881, Shaaks invited all the missionaries and all the Stick-eens to a feast; the canoe sent for the missionaries carried United States flags. Shaaks had a house thirty-five by forty feet, with four large glass windows and a half-glass door. The house is provided with wooden seats and a kitchen curtained from the rest. Shaaks had hired a cook, and had Indian waiters properly provided with white aprons. The table had a white cloth, china and glass dishes neatly arranged, and the food was abundant, good and well cooked. All was clean and orderly. The Indians, formerly dirty and clad in furs and blankets, were now clean and all in citizens' dress. Many of them can speak English, and a large number of them can read; they are industrious and self-supporting; they are freed from their superstitions, with their accompanying cruelties. Shaaks stood up and made a speech which will be given elsewhere, in our specimens of Indian eloquence.

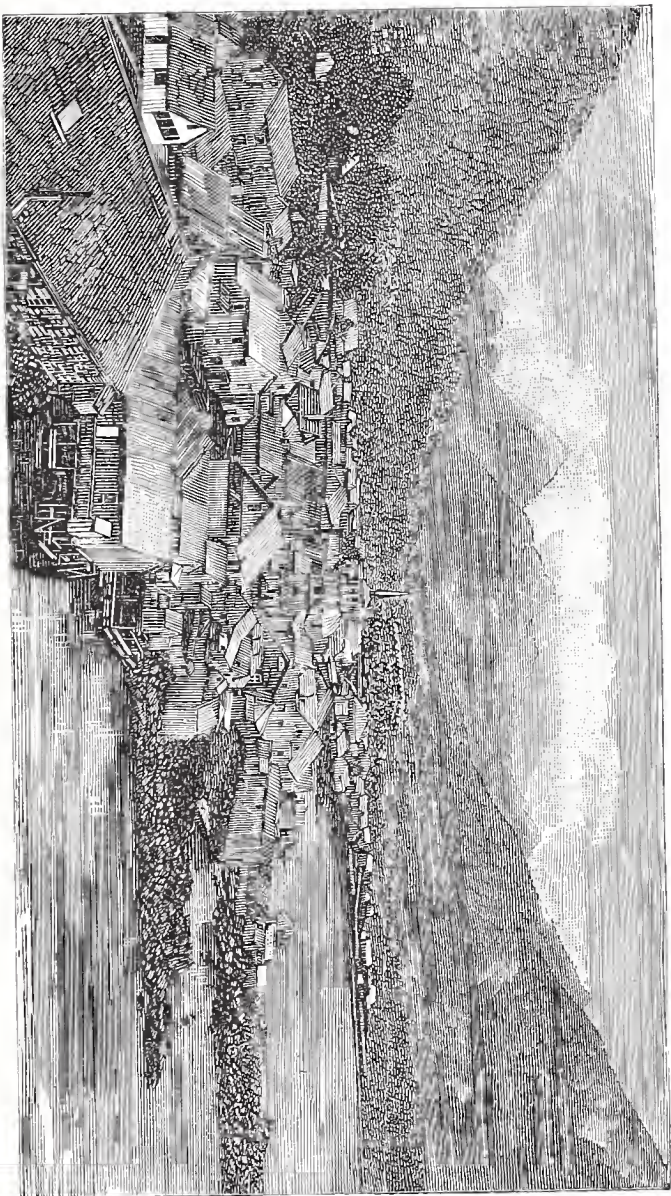
“Four years ago,” says Dr. Corlies, writing of this scene, “the Alaska Indians, dressed in skins with dog- or wolf-tails hanging down, danced around a feast of berries cooked with fish and grease.” He then describes Shaaks’s feast in honor of the coming of 1882, and adds: “These are some of the results effected by the preaching of the gospel of Jesus Christ among this superstitious and degraded people.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *THE MISSION AT SITKA.*

WILLIAM H. DALL, in closing his account of two years in Alaska, remarks that he was astonished at the storm of reprobation which followed the purchase—reprobation coming from the descendants of men who two hundred years ago entered cheerfully into Maine and Massachusetts, territories of much less promise than is Russian America. When the chilly forests of Maine and Massachusetts have given way to a magnificent civilization, we may expect as much within a century from Alaska.

At the time of the purchase Alaska possessed one town of some three thousand inhabitants—its capital, New Archangel—on the island of Sitka. The climate of Sitka is moist and mild; the bay is one of



SITKA, ALASKA, FROM THE WEST.



the finest in the world, as regards both its commercial possibilities and its splendid scenery; it is sheltered by a chain of low green islands and dominated by the snowy top of Mount Edgecumbe, an extinct volcano.

Sitka, from 1832, was the centre of Russian power in Alaska. At that time Baron Wrangell transferred the capital from St. Paul's, on Kadiak Island, to New Archangel, now restored to its native name of Sitka.

Sitka was founded in 1799; refounded, having been destroyed by Indians, in 1804. Shipbuilding was its principal interest, and as early as 1810 it was visited by ships of John Jacob Astor's fur company. In 1810 a Greek priest was settled in the town, and in 1820 a resident Russian physician arrived. In 1834, Veniaminoff was made its bishop. The Russians built a castle for the governor, also officers' quarters, barracks and a club-house; a Greek church, or cathedral, was also erected, with a bishop's house, a schoolhouse, a seminary building and a hospital. These, with the



homes of traders, shipbuilders and fishers, gave the town an animated and imposing appearance. As early as 1837 the United States sent to Sitka its first steam-engine, and its first cargo of whisky and rum. For the latter fatal gift reparation has yet to be made.

At the time of the purchase the schools of Sitka were in a rather flourishing condition, the pupils being mostly whites or creoles. These schools were closed when the Russians withdrew, and for eleven years there was no school, also no preaching except that of the Greek Church priest. As English had been taught with Russian in the Greek Church schools, many of the people fluently spoke English. Fifty Russian ships and nearly nine hundred men, employed by the Russian fur company, withdrew from Sitka at the time of its occupation by the United States; their place was filled by the American traders. Many families settled at Sitka, as there is little snow or ice in winter, and vegetables and small fruits thrive in the gardens, making it easy to obtain a comfortable living.



When, in 1877, Dr. Jackson left Mrs. McFarland at Fort Wrangell and returned home to plead for workers, it was deemed of instant importance to establish a mission at the capital, and therefore the first missionaries who were commissioned to Alaska by the Presbyterian Board were directed to proceed to Sitka. These missionaries were Rev. John G. Brady of New York and Miss Fanny E. Kellogg of North Granville, New York. They reached Sitka on the 11th of April. Mr. Brady at once secured the use of the "castle," the former Russian governor's residence, for church services, and of the old Russian barracks for a schoolroom. These buildings were in a dilapidated condition, having been stripped of everything on the departure of the Russians.

Over a thousand Indians were living in Sitka when the missionaries arrived there. Some of the chiefs owned houses and were worth several thousand dollars in blankets, furs and other like commodities. They were a thrifty and industrious class, economical and ingenious, though too many

of their people were given to drinking, with the attendant rioting and fighting. They carved all sorts of toys and made jewelry and trinkets for sale to the traders. One Indian was even trying to make a watch. Dall mentions the wonderful skill in carving that these Innuït tribes exhibit. Food was abundant; work in the salmon-preserving establishment was plenty; the Indians were healthy, hardy, thoughtful. Such a class of heathens did Mr. Brady call together at the castle for his first Sabbath service.

A number of the white men of the town came in when the service opened, and as the singing of "Moody-and-Sankey" hymns was heard the Indians stole in one by one, until about a hundred and fifty were seated on the floor: they were painted in black and red, and, except the leading chiefs, had their feet bare and blankets wrapped about their shoulders. A few wore soldier-caps and naval officers' old suits, and were further ornamented with military buttons and shoulder-straps, gathered from officers who had visited the coast. "Sitka Jack" was the

leading orator-chief, and Annahootz the war-chief. The Indians spoke almost no English. Mr. Cohen, a Hebrew trader, had kindly found for Mr. Brady two interpreters. Mr. Brady spoke in English, which the first interpreter turned into Russian, and the second into Indian. The people listened very attentively, but it was slow work going over the same speech three times, and eventually the oratorical fervor of Sitka Jack began to boil over, and he bubbled into ardent, gesticulating speech. He explained the evil state of his people—their drinking, their fighting and their killing one another; their unfortunate state of ignorance, which left them so much lower than the whites. Now that a teacher and preacher had arrived to help them, Sitka Jack seemed to anticipate an immediate millennium for his long-neglected race. Then Annahootz took the floor, and approved all that the missionary had spoken. Mr. Brady next discoursed, declaring all wisdom and morals to be based on the Bible, and explaining that they must go to school and learn to read

and study this book of God. Jack next asked the Indians if they found that style of talk satisfactory, and they said that they did. They explained that only few Indians were present because numbers had gone off to hunt, but would return in "two moons." After prayer and singing, the meeting closed. They had only one service that day. No wonder, for it had lasted several hours.

Some of the traders remained to assure Mr. Brady of his hopeful prospects. They said the Indians were evidently heartily interested, and were a very reliable, straightforward set of people. These men, who had known the Alaska Indians for years, said they were a superior set of natives, self-supporting, hard-working, quick to learn and faithful in keeping contracts. Witchcraft and whisky were their two evil genii.

The next day Mr. Brady hired some Indians and began to get the barracks ready for school and church. A Mr. Whitford had bought all that the Russians had sold, and from him Mr. Brady purchased

twenty benches, a stove, two tables, two brooms and a box of chalk. The Greek priest kindly lent an old warped blackboard. Wood was purchased and cut, and all was ready for opening the school. The missionaries took an inventory of their "stock on hand," and found only six primers. This lack of apparatus for immediate and pressing work can be explained only by the fact that there was so much to be thought of and provided, and that where the field was so entirely new they had yet to learn what material could *not* be procured on the spot.

On Wednesday, April 17th, the school opened with fifty pupils. It was a success from the start. The church services sometimes had three hundred Indians present. Miss Kellogg had the advantage of being a good musician, and possessed "the genius for teaching," so sadly lacked by many who attempt to teach, who possess, but cannot communicate, knowledge. There was no "parrot-learning" in this school. Much of the instruction was oral, and much was by blackboard.

Miss Kellogg explained the meaning of every word learned, and the progress was solid. The Indians showed good intellects, and in a month twenty-five knew their letters and thirteen had begun to read in the primer. They also made progress in English. Object-teaching was much used.

As might be expected from such a class of pupils, they were irregular and tardy in attendance. Miss Kellogg discovered that they were all eager to learn to write, and also apt in this branch of study, exhibiting the Mongolian imitativeness so largely developed in the Chinese. Writing was therefore made the first morning lesson, and there was no more tardiness.

The method used was about this: Object-words were put on the board, as "knife," "fish," "hand." The object was either shown or drawn, and the scholars spelled the words aloud, letter by letter, several times. Then the Indian equivalents were given, and thus the pupils learned in English what they were saying and the teacher learned Indian. Then they wrote, carefully copying, a dozen lines,

overlooked and aided by the teacher. The one who did the best work was then allowed a drawing-lesson as a reward. Some of the young men showed great aptitude for arithmetic.

On Friday evenings they had a singing-school, and whistling in tune was allowed.

On the Sabbath, in addition to the sermon, they were taught hymns, and texts of Scripture were given them, by constant repetition, to memorize in English, and were explained in Indian.

Like the Wrangell Indians, these in Sitka wished to be married and buried in "United States fashion." Captain Jack, having been married by Mr. Brady, declared that the ceremony had made him a Christian: his notion of Christianity was to cease being "a whisky-Indian." Miss Kellogg expounded to him the evils of intemperance and the virtues of a pledge. Jack could write his own name, and after he had received careful instruction he signed the pledge. His sobriety secured him plenty of work and good wages at the salmon-cannery, and a large part of his earnings he

lavished in dressing his wife, of whom he was very proud.

Whisky and hoochinoo were the grand opponents of successful work ; and Mr. Brady made every effort to stop the manufacture, the merchants agreeing to bring no more hogsheads of molasses for use in distilling. The Indian exposition of the case was : "Plenty molasses, plenty hoochinoo, plenty drunk ; no molasses, hoochinoo two dollars bottle : no drunk."

From Sitka, during the summer, Mr. Brady made a missionary-tour by canoe to the Hoonyahs and the Kootsnoos. He took with him an interpreter and a magic-lantern with pictures of Scripture scenes, and also some fine views of the Holy Land. The Indians were much delighted with the exhibitions, and listened attentively to very plain talk against witchcraft, whisky, gambling and other vices in which they freely indulged. They earnestly begged for a school and a preacher, offering to help build a schoolhouse. The Hoonyahs occupy what will be a mining region.

In December, 1878, Miss Kellogg was



married to the Rev. Mr. Young of Fort Wrangell, and at her departure the school of Sitka was closed, as no teacher was commissioned to take her place. This school had been very popular, and the citizens deeply regretted its close. As no teacher was found by the Board of Missions after several months' waiting, the citizens invited Mr. Alonzo E. Austin of New York to come as teacher. He arrived in the autumn of 1879, and at once opened a school with better appliances and sixty pupils.

At this time Mr. Brady had withdrawn from his connection with the Board of Home Missions, and in January, 1880, Rev. G. W. Lyons was commissioned as missionary to Sitka, and Miss Olinda Austin was sent as teacher, to join her father in the school.

In the spring of 1880 the publication of Dr. Jackson's book on Alaska added much to the already deep interest of the Church in missions on the North Pacific coast. If the Church can only be plainly shown the need, amount, prospects and

methods of work in any given field, a vital interest will at once arise in that field, and money for it will not be lacking. The missionary columns in our religious papers do not supply the information needed fully to set our missions before the Church: our home-mission work needs to be "written up." The foreign field has found a large increase of interest in its labors from the numerous books that have been written—*interestingly written*—giving descriptions of the work, the countries where the missionaries toil, and the lives of the missionaries themselves; the Pueblo, the Mormon and the American-Indian work should be similarly brought before the Church. A book gives a compact, united view of a subject; the same view, given monthly or weekly in the columns of periodicals, loses much of its force, and, moreover, is much less likely to meet the notice of the young. A hearty missionary spirit will be had in our Church only when we furnish our youth with more books on missionary themes.

To return to Sitka. Mr. Austin's school

had been for creoles, for Russians and for other white youth of Sitka. Miss Austin's work was to reorganize the former school of Miss Kellogg, and it was thought best to leave the Indians to request the reopening of this and to pledge their attendance. On the first Sabbath after her arrival, while Mr. Austin was conducting his Russian school, some sixty Indians came in and asked Miss Austin to be their teacher. Miss Austin took half of these Indians to one side of the room, before a black-board, and by means of an interpreter began to teach them. She wrote the Lord's Prayer on the board, clearly, sentence by sentence, and explained it to them. Mr. Brady took charge of the other thirty Indians, and taught them in the same fashion.

The next day Miss Austin set out to visit the two tribes of Indians living in the village, and to tell them that the school would be opened on the 5th of April. Captain Beardslee, of the United States steamer lying at Sitka, took a hearty interest in this project, accompanied Miss Austin in

her visits, and warned the Indians to use soap and water freely before they came to school. Thanks to this suggestion, they were very tidy when they made their appearance. Most of these Indians were still dressed in blankets.

The school opened with one hundred and three boys and girls. The older people demanded admission, and, as the teacher was really unable to attend to more than a hundred pupils at once and alone, she was put in the very painful position of refusing instruction to people eager to receive it. This so distressed her that she made her plans to give the grown Indians an hour or two of especial teaching each week.

Miss Austin heard of an English-speaking Indian woman married to a white man, and, going to her, she explained her work and asked her to be her assistant in teaching the Indians "to speak English, read, sew and be good." The woman was delighted at the project, and readily agreed. Captain Beardslee offered to pay her a salary, which she refused to take, saying

"she was happy to do good." A delegation of squaws came to Miss Austin for instructions as to when and how they should appear at the Sabbath services, and after that eighty were constant attendants. They were pretty well dressed, but their children were nearly naked.

The wives of United States officers at Sitka took a deep interest in Miss Austin's work, and prepared aprons for the children to wear in the schoolroom, putting them on when they came in in the morning. The officers of the United States ship came on Sabbath forenoons and helped with the singing. Too much cannot be said in commendation of the admirable way in which nearly all the United States officers in Sitka have aided the school-work.

When Mr. and Mrs. Lyons and Miss Austin arrived in Sitka the majority of the Indians were away, hunting and fishing. Captain Beardslee and his wife interested themselves in procuring a place for services and secured an old Russian guardhouse building, which the marines cleaned and whitewashed. They then fitted up two

washrooms, one for boys and one for girls. Benches, tables, glass for windows, an organ, pictures, books and Sabbath-school papers were among the things greatly needed, but with all their might the missionaries pushed on the work with the material at hand, meanwhile sending home for help. Their appeals reached the public (generally through the columns of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian*) and entered the warm hearts of the ladies of our home-missionary societies. At this time how many hands of ladies and young girls, and even of children, were busy preparing clothing, Christmas gifts and reward-cards for the Alaska schools, and collecting funds for scholarships, books, school-room appliances, organs, bells—all the paraphernalia needed for efficient work!

But if the children of our Sabbath-schools were thus busy, the judicious teachers at Alaska did not allow their pupils to fall helplessly back on other people when they might help themselves. The little Indians were encouraged to prepare work and curiosities to be sent to the

home societies for sale, that with the proceeds books and clothes might be purchased. Mats of braided grass, toy Indian hats, odd little carved boxes, and even Alaska dolls dressed in fur, went to the mission-rooms for sale.

The last day of 1880 was the occasion of a fine celebration. The missionaries had a Christmas tree. Some gifts had come from the East; the officers and their wives, tireless in kind deeds, provided apples and candy. The Indian school numbered over one hundred; seventy whites were in Mr. Austin's school: all assembled together in the best of good-fellowship. Commander Glass, of the United States ship *Jamestown*, was present.

First came singing; then the Lord's Prayer, recited in concert; then a talk from Mr. Lyons about the great Gift, the Lord Jesus, in remembrance of whom these gifts had been sent. The Greek Church priest made a nice little talk in Russian, and the customs collector of the United States made a speech in behalf

of education. Then Commander Glass presented each of the three leading chiefs with a red bandana handkerchief bearing portraits of President Garfield and Vice-President Arthur, explaining that these were pictures of the "American great chiefs," who were examples of the advantages of morals and education, following whose steps the Alaska chiefs must send their people to school. Among the presents then distributed—to every one something—were seventy other bandanas, but without portraits. Two lads who had never missed either church or school session were given especial rewards of pantaloons, suspenders, kerchief and necktie, and a box with pens and pencils. It would be hard to enumerate the schools and individuals from New York, Kansas, Maryland, Ohio, and Pennsylvania that by sending gifts had shared in this happy occasion.

Although the Alaska Indians are saving and industrious, and some of them comfortably off, it is not to be inferred that the majority are not very poor. Many of the school-children are orphans, or even



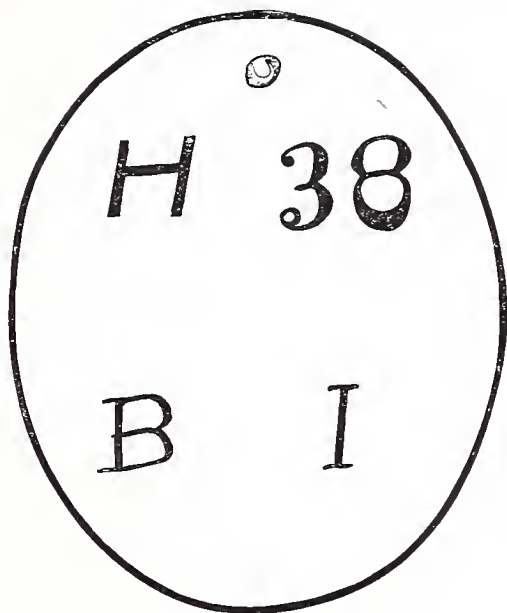
slaves ; for these Indians still hold one another in slavery. Some of them come bare-foot and shivering through the winter snow, exposed, almost naked, to the cold ; others come almost famished. In behalf of these Miss Austin wrote that she could be more successful in giving instruction if she gave it to less *hungry* scholars, and that if she could hand the poor little ones a piece of bread as they entered school, they could study better.

Speaking of slaves, Indian slavery is most cruel in its manifestations. Masters torture or shoot or drown their slaves on almost any pretext. One slave-boy ran off from a most cruel master, and hid in the long wood-house belonging to the Sitka guard-house. He slept in an old puncheon, and crept out after dark to hunt the refuse-barrels for bits of food cast out from the kitchens. Another slave-boy was shot and wounded by his master, and was saved from death only by being seized by the marines. For such boys as these it was thought needful to establish a home on the plan of the girls' home

at Wrangell. Very many of the Indian boys, after coming to school and enjoying during the day the advantages of cleanliness, quiet, order and instruction, dreaded to return at night to the dirt, crowding, noise and hoochinoo of the Indian quarters. They pleaded with the teachers to provide them an industrial home. But how establish a home, when the day-school itself was so poorly provided that there were not nearly books enough for the pupils, and when Miss Austin, after teaching all day, had to spend most of her evenings in supplying the lack of books and slates by printing with her pen or with chalk spelling, notation and reading lessons for the next day's work?

But the boys' home started itself, just as the girls' home had done. In November, 1880, some of the boys begged to be allowed to live in the schoolhouse and escape the quarreling, carousing and drinking at home. They said they would take care of themselves, hunt their own food, sleep on the floor in their blankets and "jump about if they were cold." Miss Austin

could only consent. The lads did as they agreed. Others joined them; they kept clean by washing in the ocean—a large-enough bath-tub—and arranging their hair



“BOY I, IN HOUSE NO. 38.”

by using a scrap of bright tin as a looking-glass. A native policeman was sent to sleep in the schoolroom with them.

In February, 1881, Captain Glass, of the Jamestown, proclaimed compulsory education for all Indian children between five and

nineteen years of age. The captain numbered all the Indian houses, then numbered the children, and stamped house and individual numbers on a tin label, having "B" for a boy, and "G" for a girl, together with the number of the house. These were hung about the necks of all the children; and if one was absent, except for illness, the native policeman caught the child, reported the delinquent guardian and said guardian was fined by the captain—a blanket or a day's imprisonment, as seemed suited to the case.

Captain Glass may be safely set down as the most wise and benevolent tyrant of modern times. The circumstances of a place left, like Sitka, without government admit only of a dictator. Probably, when laws and magistrates are accorded Alaska, Sitka will not be so well governed as it was by the commander of the Jamestown. Under the captain's system, the school numbered two hundred and seventy-one members. The Indians soon resigned themselves to the inevitable, *and enjoyed it.*

Captain Glass next compelled the Indians to dig ditches all about their houses, to drain them on the outside, and to whitewash them outside and in. The rate of sickness and death at once remarkably decreased.

The commander's next work was to prepare the old Russian hospital-building for a school and boys' home. The Indian boys went to work under the superintendence and with the aid of the marines; the filthy building was cleaned and whitewashed, glass was put in the windows, partitions were put up, fences repaired, walks graveled and bunks built in the dormitory. The boys went into the forest, camped, and cut down their winter supply of wood, made it into rafts, towed it by canoe to Sitka, landed it on the beach before the home, cut it and carried it in, and were ready with fuel for winter. This work was begun in the spring of 1881. As soon as the fishing season opened these lads hired a net and caught and salted seven barrels of salmon for their next winter's use; they also made a good garden in the hospital grounds, and raised vegetables—cabbages, potatoes, and so on—for the winter. Mean-

while, they studied their lessons and did their own cooking and washing. It may safely be said that no mission station has ever set a finer example of industry, economy and self-help, and none deserves better of the Church.

Thus the industrial home at Sitka was begun, and named the "Sheldon Jackson Institute." At this time half the scholars had to sit on the floor, for want of benches, and two hundred and seventy-one pupils had one teacher, one blackboard, one box of chalk and six books.

Captain Glass, being responsible for the numbers at the school, sent a carpenter to make more benches, hunted up all the slates and books in Sitka and gave a dozen tin wash-basins to the institution. Mrs. Glass was an unwearying friend. The Indians said they were "so afraid of Captain Glass that they shook like a fit, but he had huge big heart—built them house, gave them medicine." He was particularly emphatic on the subject of hoochinoo. The Rev. Mr. Lyons sent to Portland for books, but for three months no steamer came up.



MISS AUSTIN AND A CLASS OF BOYS, "SHELDON JACKSON INSTITUTE."







The teaching was of the kind practiced by Miss Kellogg and in Wrangell—much use of the blackboard and of object-lessons. Time table, multiplication table, the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer were taught orally, and, in spite of hindrances, progress was admirable.

The steamer of May 6, 1881, brought books, slates, pencils and boxes of clothing, also Mr. Austin's commission from the Home Mission Board as teacher of the boys' boarding-school.

Sickness had compelled Mr. Lyons to leave this field at Sitka, where he was doing excellent work, and where workers were so greatly needed. Visitors to the school declared that four teachers were necessary.

During Dr. Jackson's visit in 1881 he secured for the Presbyterian mission a building, formerly a Lutheran church, put up by a creole named Etolin, governor of Alaska in 1830. Etolin was a member of the Lutheran Church, and had secured for Sitka a chapel and a minister of his denomination. This building was

deserted at the purchase, the windows were broken and part of the roof fell; it was thirty-seven by sixty feet in size, and of strong frame. By July, 1881, the old hospital was revolutionized. Evergreen trees were planted along the walks; the garden was in fine condition; thirty single bedsteads were up in the dormitory; there were a bath-room, a kitchen, a dining-room, two store-rooms, a reading-room and a hospital-room. A dispensary was equipped, and the surgeon of the Jamestown each morning attended and prescribed for sick Indians. There were twenty-five boys in the home, all comfortably dressed in blue denim overalls and jackets, each lad owning two sets of underclothes. Owing to the liberality of Captain Glass and the labor of the Indians, the whole expense to the Church was but three hundred dollars. The much-needed organ had been sent by Captain Beardslee; the bell, and also a fine cooking-stove, were sent to this mission through Dr. Jackson. Reward and text-cards were also given for distribution, and these were regarded as so

precious that little calico bags were made and the cards carried in them about the owner's neck. The year 1881 closed with a very happy Christmas celebration for the church, the boarding-school and the day-



DORMITORY, "SHELDON JACKSON INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL."

school. Thirty boys were in the home, from a tall fellow of eighteen down to a wee one called "Baby Charlie."

On an intensely cold night (January 24,

1882) this flourishing home was entirely destroyed by a conflagration. This was not the result of carelessness. The building was very old, and the flues were defective; the extreme cold required large fires, and the real state of the chimneys in the ancient Russian house could not be known. The flames broke out at six in the morning—in that latitude, long before sunrise in winter. There was no fire-apparatus of any kind in Sitka, and the hospital burned like tinder.

Aroused from sleep by the terrific cry of "Fire!" the boys of the home showed remarkable courage and presence of mind and a self-sacrificing spirit which cannot be too highly commended. The Hon. William G. Morris, who was present, says: "The Indian boys battled manfully with the flames: they worked like young Trojans, seemingly entirely destitute of fear. I have been particularly impressed with the progress already made by the boys, and should consider it a public calamity if the school should be suffered to die now for lack of support. The management is, in

my judgment, especially to be commended." This, from the United States collector of customs in Sitka, is high praise.

Mrs. Austin writes: "One of our boys, of whom we are very fond and proud, worked like a hero. He said, 'I will save Mr. Austin's furniture if I die in the flames. I am not afraid to die.' He worked with all his might, stayed till the fire was all about him, and then jumped from the second-story window." Miss Austin's letter states: "The boys rushed through the blinding smoke to save us." Mr. Austin tells that one of the boys, resolved on saving his teacher's watch, left in the bedroom, accomplished his wish at the expense of being badly scorched.

The fire broke out in the schoolroom, above the boys' dormitory. Instead of devoting themselves to saving their own clothes, trinkets and little treasures received as prizes and on Christmas trees, the lads first hurried out the small boys and looked to see if the teacher's family were safe, and then set themselves to res-

cuing Mr. Austin's furniture. The pianos of Miss Austin and Mrs. Willard were taken out; Mrs. Willard's piano was waiting to be carried to Chilcat, and its box was burned. Mr. Austin's furniture was saved, but in a badly-damaged condition. The Indians and the townspeople, as well as the school-boys, worked heartily, but faithfully, to save the building. The organ, sent by Captain Beardslee, was burned.

Mr. Austin succeeded in rescuing most of the bedding belonging to the boys, but their clothes, except what they hastily put on, were all lost. The fire breaking out on the boys' side of the building, their effects were first destroyed. The lads saved the cooking-stove, also the cooking-utensils.

The grief of the boys as they saw their first and only real home swept away cannot be described; they had lost their all. The Indians from the ranche wept in sympathy and made most touching expressions of their interest in the school and its teachers.

The Hon. Mr. Morris at once prepared

some rooms in the old barracks for the Austin family, moved their furniture there and made them as comfortable as he could. Mrs. Captain Beardslee had just sent a present of clothes and blankets, and promised a sewing-machine. Mrs. Captain Glass, who had returned to San Francisco, volunteered aid from her friends, and Mrs. Lieutenant Symonds was already working for the home among her friends in Ogdensburg.

Some of the children were taken back to the Indian village, or ranche, by their friends; but, as the influence of Indian life was especially to be avoided, Mr. and Mrs. Austin as soon as possible fitted up a dormitory and continued the school. The boys wrote several letters to the Board of Missions, entreating that their home might be rebuilt.

The dormitory fitted up was an old stable building, under which, at high tide, the water rose to within a foot or two of the flooring. Mr. Morris and others acquainted with the situation, while they deplored the calamity and the consequent hindrance to the school,



yet declared the building itself no loss, for, from its ancient use as a hospital and its decayed condition, it was unsafe and unhealthy. Mr. Morris says: "I have never been of the opinion that the hospital-building was of any value to the United States for such purposes or to reside in. Had the government ever contemplated using the land again for hospital purposes, the first thing to do would have been to burn the building down. A much more suitable edifice for educational use could be erected at reasonable cost."

The letters from Mr. Morris and Mr., Mrs. and Miss Austin were immediately published by Dr. Jackson, and, agreeably to Mr. Morris's request, he "took the rostrum himself" and pleaded for funds for rebuilding. The ladies of the Woman's Executive Committee of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church entered into the work with their usual whole-souled courage, and funds, clothing and school-paraphernalia began to go to Sitka as fast as steam could carry them. The Executive Committee had no hesitation in



assuming the rebuilding and the proper furnishing of the school-home; in no way could money be more usefully spent. The mission of the "fire at Sitka" was to strengthen faith, zeal and charity and put all the work in that locality on a better foundation. So troubles fell out for good.

Dr. Jackson reached Alaska on the September steamer on his fourth missionary-tour, and part of his work while there was to select a new location and supervise the rebuilding of the "Industrial Home for Boys" in Sitka. The Rev. Mr. Brady presented the mission with his claim to one hundred and sixty acres.

The new building, furnished, cost some six thousand dollars. It accommodates one hundred boarding-pupils of both sexes and the mission family. It is one hundred feet long and fifty deep.

One great need at this home is a teacher of the mechanical arts, especially carpentry and shoemaking. A practical teacher in these branches would not only make the institution self-supporting, but would enable it to send out self-supporting young

men. Dr. Guthrie, in his ragged schools, always had teachers of mechanical arts. The English and German missions in Africa have been greatly benefited by sending out with their stations godly mechanics to teach trades to the natives. The Sitka boys show a remarkable aptness, even uninstructed, in mending and making shoes, and Dr. Jackson sent them leather from Portland on returning from his trip in 1882.

In September, 1882, a form of "black measles" ravaged Southern Alaska. Many Russians died—forty in Sitka alone—and many wild Indians. But, though the disease invaded the schools in Sitka and Fort Wrangell, not one pupil died; nor were any cases lost at the Indian ranche at Sitka, where Mrs. Austin supervised the nursing of the sick and directed the administration of their medicine.

At present the entire force of missionaries at Sitka is represented by Mr., Mrs. and Miss Austin, with occasional help from Mr. Brady.

The gratitude of the Sitka Indians for all

favours received is one of their most pleasing characteristics. When Captain Glass, who had been so staunch a friend, sailed away, the home-boys crowded to the shore, and, with tears rolling down their faces, cried, "Good-bye, Captain Glass!—Good-bye, Jamestown!" and for several days were too unhappy to eat. When the school was burning, one woman said, weeping, to Mrs. Austin, "I sick at heart for your trouble. I love you same as my own." At the time of the fire the man-of-war Wachusett, Captain Lull, had gone up to Haines, among the Chilcats. As soon as the Wachusett left, the hoochinoo troubles broke out in Sitka.

## CHAPTER IX.

### *MODERN HEROES.*

**H**EROISM—a spirit of self-sacrifice and superiority to danger—is one of the good qualities that seem to have survived the fall of man, and it finds its development in all families of the human race. This quality of heroism may be more or less excellent in its exhibitions, but in any form commands, according to its degree, the admiration of men. Every century has had its heroes whose spirit has taken its stamp from the circumstances of the age which produced them. Thus, one epoch has produced heroes of war, and another heroes of religion; a third, those of political opinion. The first century after Christ was an age of remarkable religious effort, as then all the world was missionary ground and every preacher of the faith was

a missionary: it was an age of Christian heroes and heroisms. The present century is another great age of gospel-spreading, and has been wonderfully rich in heroes of the faith. Like Paul, the chronicler of the Church may suspend his pen, saying, "Time would fail me to tell of—"

It is not needful that a name should be noised abroad and receive the acclaim of the world as a patent of bravery before we inscribe it among the heroes. Deeds, not the trumpetings of praise, stamp heroism. Some of the most courageous acts are but little known, and some dauntless lives have been but little seen of the public, and so found few to praise.

Courage and martyrdom have glorified our foreign missionary-annals; and, equally, martyrdom and courage have glorified our home missionary-page. Alaska has been a field not wanting in examples of high fortitude. Any of our stations there might worthily have written its history of intrepidity.

It is not through any invidious neglect of other localities that, where all cannot

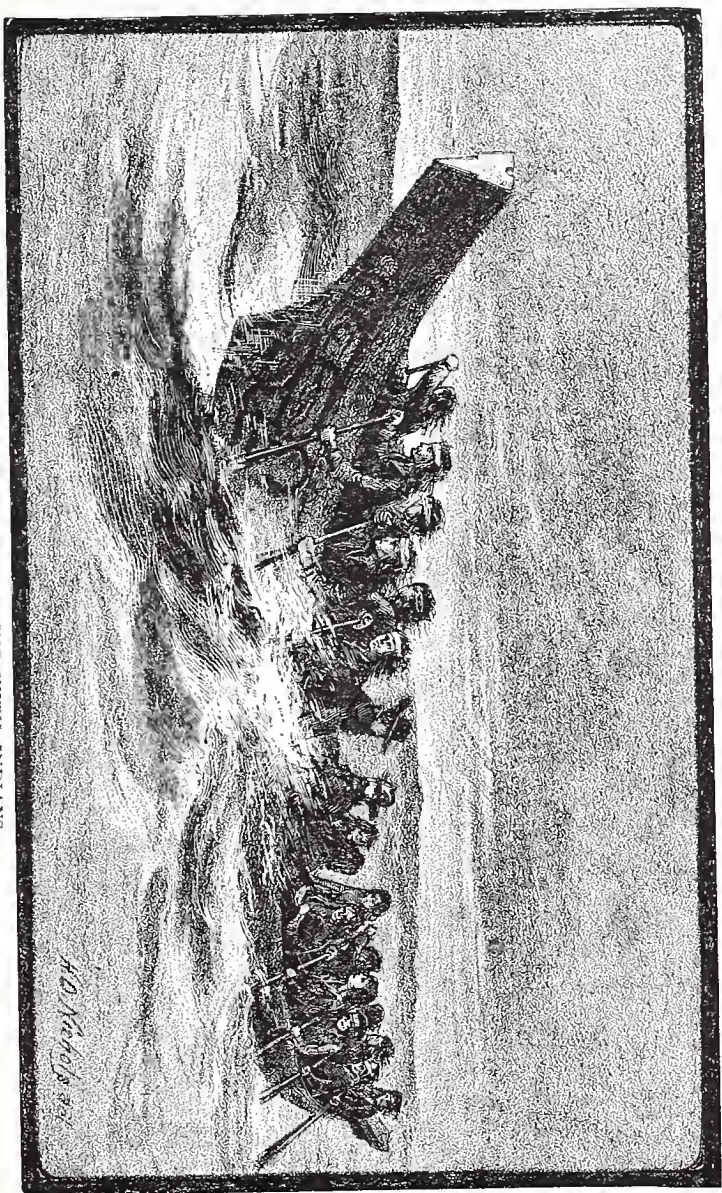
be enumerated, we next select Haines, the mission among the Chilcats, as worthy of especial interest.

When Dr. Jackson made his second visit to Alaska, he took a canoe-trip to visit Metlahkatlah. Some of the Chilcat Indians accompanied him to Fort Simpson; and when an interpreter was procured, a council was held and two of the chiefs assured Dr. Jackson of their desire for teachers, and for the establishment of a mission among them. They said they were all ready to give up their heathen practices, which were doing them no good, and inquired when a teacher would come. This was in August, 1879.

The canoe in which Dr. Jackson traveled was thirty-five feet long, and in it, besides the Fort Simpson Christian Indians, were twelve wild Chilcat Indians, one of them a chief and a shaman. All the Alaskan Indians are fond of singing, and these boatmen beguiled the way with songs, the Chilcats singing tribe-airs; the Tsimpseans, hymns.

"Who is this Jesus you sing about?" asked the shaman.





DR. JACKSON TRAVELING WITH INDIANS.





Our missionaries in Alaska have been able to follow the paths which St. Paul preferred, going where Christ has not been so much as named. The Church cannot allege that these missions are needless and entering into ground occupied already by Christian teachers, for Presbyterian missions have opened the way and are the only ones occupying the ground in Alaska.

The Chilcat tribe numbers about nine hundred, though any census of these nomads is uncertain, especially as they themselves are unable to count correctly beyond the hundred. The Chilcat country is the farthest north yet reached by our missionaries, and from the school-building no less than fifteen glaciers are visible. The Chilcats had occasionally visited Fort Simpson, Metlahkatlah, where one of the most remarkable of all missionary enterprises is located (conducted by devoted missionaries from Great Britain), and also Sitka and Fort Wrangell, and they had carried to their friends wonderful tales of Indians "become white," who could "talk on paper" and "hear

paper talk," and who wore white folks' clothes, and lived in houses with windows, and forsook the shaman, and ate no more dog-flesh, and no longer killed one another.

The tale of tribes that increased, instead of withering away under the deadly simoon breath of their own vices, had created a strong desire in the Chilcats for the same helpers and teachers. Mr. Young and Mr. Brady had already had some conversation with their chiefs who visited the southerly stations, and there was a strong desire to send a preacher to this promising tribe. Indications of great mineral wealth in and above the Chilcat country afforded another reason for establishing stations there at an early day, to be ready to meet the incoming of the inevitable mining population.

The impetus which the home-missionary spirit had received from the wonderful success already reached in Alaska, and the amount of information disseminated in regard to the work and need there, were clearly witnessed in the energy and lib-

erality displayed in providing for the Chilcat mission. It is true there was delay. Dr. Jackson's canoe-trip with this tribe was in August, 1879, and it was April, 1881, before any missionaries started for that distant port. But a step so important and so difficult is not to be hastily taken.

The Rev. Eugene S. Willard, of the Allegheny Theological Seminary, offered himself for this work, and with his wife and child took the June steamer for Fort Wrangell. The church of New Castle, Pennsylvania, gave them a farewell meeting on April 29th, and testified their interest by valuable gifts—among others, of a sewing-machine and an upright piano.

On the 10th of June these missionaries arrived at Sitka, making glad the hearts of the workers there.

On the July steamer Dr. Jackson arrived, with a missionary for the Hydahs and materials for the mission-buildings among both Chilcats and Hydahs. Subsequently a lady in Zanesville, Ohio, gave one thousand dollars toward the Chilcat

mission. Dr. Jackson, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Willard, with as little delay as possible went on to Juneau, and then passed forward to the country of the Chilkats. A site was selected and a building commenced. The new station was called "Haines."

When missionaries reached Fort Wrangell and Sitka, they found villages built by white people, some white inhabitants and a partial guarantee of order in the presence of certain employés of the United States government. None of these footprints of civilization greeted the eyes of the new-comers at Haines: they entered into a wilderness—a tribe of Indians, a few Indian houses, the short summer wearing away, drawing on apace a winter when there would be five months of deep snow. In December the day from sunrise to sunset would be but four hours long. When they were left at the station by the last trading-boat in autumn, they need look for no boats, no white faces, no mails, no supplies of any kind, until five or six months had passed. Here was isolation,

and the spirit that braved it was high heroism.

The Board of Missions having no funds for the erection of the necessary buildings at Haines, Dr. Jackson borrowed money and erected a house for the Willards, and upon his return to the East, in connection with the Woman's Executive Committee, raised the money to repay the loan.

The mission-buildings at Haines are a schoolhouse and a missionaries' house: we might add, also, a church, as a log church capable of holding three or four hundred will no doubt be occupied during 1883.

Around the new home Mr. and Mrs. Willard found all vegetation luxuriant in the heat of the short, almost nightless summer. The missionaries' hayfield spread green under the blazing sun, and lumber was lying cut for sheltering the hay when it should be made, and for housing the missionaries' goat.

While the mission-houses were building Dr. Jackson, Rev. Mr. Willard and Rev. Mr. Corlies made a mission-tour of all the Chilcat and Chilcoot villages, locating

a second mission among the Chilcats at their upper village. This station was called "Willard."

The Chilcat people were not entirely unprepared for the work of their missionary.

In June, 1880, Dr. Jackson having furnished the Woman's Executive Committee the money, Mrs. Dickinson, the former interpreter for Mrs. McFarland, and a pupil for more than two years in the Wrangell schools, left her children with Mrs. McFarland and started for the Chilcat country, where she intended to teach a school. Her husband, a white man, had been given a place in a trading-station. The mission at Wrangell had no school-supplies to furnish Mrs. Dickinson, except five *First Readers* and a primer or two. Mrs. Dickinson had received a small salary as interpreter while at Fort Wrangell, and shortly after arriving in the Chilcat country she received a commission as teacher and a further salary, as it was judged best that she should occupy the field, giving such instruction as she was



MISSION RESIDENCE AND SCHOOLHOUSE, HAINE, ALASKA.







able, until missionaries arrived. The school opened with eighty pupils, and there was much difficulty in teaching them with so few schoolroom appliances or books; but they were anxious to learn. Mrs. Dickinson wrote that the poor little boys and girls came barefoot and half naked through the snow to learn about Christ. Among those who attended Mrs. Dickinson's Sabbath-school was Don-a-wauk, a Chilcat chief, who declared that as soon as a missionary came he should become a Christian.

When Mr. and Mrs. Willard arrived, Mrs. Dickinson was appointed their native assistant and interpreter. Don-a-wauk was the first to greet them, and, true to his word, embraced Christianity and gave up his heathen practices. Among other things, he released his slaves.

The Chilcats are divided into families, or clans, having for a totem, or coat-of-arms, the figure of some animal, from which they take their names; as "Whale," "Crow," "Cinnamon bear," and so on. Among these families feuds and jealous-

ies often exist, and deep enmities are occasioned by depredations and murders committed by one tribe upon another. Thus, Don-a-wauk was in a state of bitter wrath against the tribe at Sitka on account of the murder of one of his friends.

The families with different totems differ in rank as greatly as do the various castes in India. The Crows and the Bears are high caste, the Whales and the Wolves are low caste, and one life of a Crow is worth very many lives of a Whale. The Crows and the Whales were in deadly feud when Mr. Willard reached his new station, the Whales, from their poor, feeble and disconsolate position, enlisting most the large heart of the missionaries.

In August, 1881, the United States ship Wachusett came up to Haines, and Captain Lull not only brought the missionaries mails and supplies, but also interested himself in settling the quarrels of the Crows and the Whales. The captain prepared the chiefs a dinner on board the ship, made them shake hands and eat together, and, having distributed tobacco, peace was

established. This re-establishment of peace, and the consequent safety to Indian life at the station, was of great advantage to the mission, as Shaterich, the chief man among the Chilcats, had said that as soon as quiet was established many of the Indians should move down to the station to attend church and give their children the advantages of the school. This school had already been opened with a daily session from nine o'clock until two o'clock.

The Indians were delighted with the church services, but sometimes made mistakes about the day; for instance, five canoe-loads came over one Monday, supposing it to be Sunday. Owing to their ignorance of days of the week, a bell and a flag were much needed, the flag being hoisted on Sabbath morning as a token to Indians all about to cease from work and prepare for church. The flag and the bell have already been provided.

After the departure of the Wachusett, Don-a-wauk, the chief, went to Sitka on a double errand: he was to receive compensation for the life of his friend, and

he had set his heart on a young Indian girl at Sitka whom he wished to "make his wife in United States fashion." The missionaries hoped much from the setting up of one Christian Indian household in the shadow of the mission-buildings. Don-a-wauk, however, came back unhappy. He had been paid money, blankets and Chinese trunks as honorable amends for his friend's life, but the bride had been denied him. The friends of the young women have in such cases a right to an *honorable gift*; and this girl's heathen friends, for the sake of injuring a *Christian Indian*, refused to accept the handsome gifts he offered unless he would *add a slave*. Don-a-wauk had freed his slaves, and deemed that it would be wicked to accede to the demand; thus he returned a sufferer for righteousness' sake.

On the 1st of September the missionary family, accompanied by Mrs. Dickinson, who had come up from Wrangell, set out for a tour among the Chilcat villages. This was very needful, in order to inform the Indians of the plans proposed for their good, and

to urge as many of them as possible to come down to the station as soon as the hunting- and fishing-season ended, that they might share the advantages of school and church.

A canoe was brought at high tide to within a mile of the house on a little winding stream that finds its way to the great Chilcat River. Mrs. Willard describes the walk from the house to the stream as of "bewildering beauty," "with foliage like the tropics" and openings of pasture-land with clumps of trees "so like the home-scenery that it made my heart leap for joy." Arriving at five in the afternoon at Don-a-wauk's house, they found that his servant had swept it and spread fresh gravel. The Indians of the neighborhood hurried to greet the missionaries, bringing fish and berries for their supper, and a feather bed for Mrs. Willard to sleep on. Sixty-five came to the evening service held by Mr. Willard, Mrs. Dickinson interpreting for him.

Next morning two canoes, each hewn from a single tree, came to take the mission-

aries to the upper villages. The party sat, single file, flat on the canoe-bottom. The river was shallow, the current strong. At seven in the afternoon they reached a village where the Chilcats were very busy with their fishing. The place was crowded, but a partly-furnished house was placed at the disposal of the guests. The green turf was the floor; there were neither doors nor windows. A fire was built on the ground in the midst, and the joyful Indians sent in berries and fish-oil in *wash-bowls*, and a fine salmon fresh from the river.

That evening there was hymn-singing. At sunrise seventy five Indians attended a meeting, and were much pleased with what was told them.

As the missionaries were on the point of setting out word was brought that war had again flamed up, the difficulty supposed to have been settled by Captain Lull being rekindled. They however pressed on to the village of Shaterich, and that chief, who had several houses, elaborately carved and, for Indian abodes, finely furnished, gave the missionaries his best house for

preaching and his treasure-house for lodging, and prevailed on them to stay over the Sabbath. He promised to provide food for them during their stay, and said that, as Mrs. Dickinson had a tongue for Indian and for white men, she must ask for all they wanted. Signs of mourning for the dead were on every hand. Men and women had been slaughtered; houses were barricaded. Shaterich, being a Bear, remained neutral in this contest, but services for the Crows and the Whales were held separately, as neither could enter the houses of the other.

The mourning customs of the Chilcats are curious. The missionaries found the women with their hair cut off and their faces covered with black paint; in the houses the carvings and the images were shrouded in red matting, and over the door at which the dead last went out they put his box and his moccasins.

To these unhappy and demoralized people came the gospel of "forgiveness." "Grace" is a word unknown to the Chilcats; every wrong demands revenge. So

it had been in this conflict. First a Whale had murdered a Crow; then followed retaliation and re-retaliation, until almost every man had become an avenger of blood.

Gathering these people together, Mr. Willard proclaimed to them their relationship to the one true God; he explained the law of God, and showed how they broke it and were living in hostility to him, so that they must perish if they did not yield and obey. He then told of the love of God, who sent his Son to die—who demanded no pay for his Son's life, but freely *gave him to save his enemies*.

This preaching lasted an hour and a half, and was heard attentively. After this a man, wounded and very sick, was visited and ministered to in body and in mind. One of the poor Whale family, heartbroken, was about to commit suicide. The preaching of the gospel brought light to his mind and decided him to live and try to serve God.

The Indians were much pleased with Mrs. Willard. They named her and adopted her



into their tribe, giving her the title of their greatest treasure—a carved head of a cinnamon bear ornamented with copper. This name was offered, with accompanying gifts, on the Sabbath evening, after the day's preaching and teaching had somewhat disposed the Indians to harmony. Mrs. Willard, in return for her name of honor, told them of Christ, the Elder Brother, and of his command that all, for his sake, should live and love as brethren, not avenging themselves, but putting away wrath. The Indians also named Mr. Willard and the little girl, adopting them into the tribe.

This meeting had taken place in the treasure-house of Shaterich, which was stored with blankets, furs, carved vessels and quantities of oil—all the varieties of Indian wealth, for Shaterich was a very rich Indian.

On Monday the missionaries set out on their return, the Indians promising to keep the peace and to come down to the school when the food-gathering time was over. At night they remained at Don-a-wauk's and had another meeting, and on Tuesday

arrived at their home, wet through from the water dashing into the canoe, but safe and well and cheered in their work.

Hardly were they home when Don-a-wauk, chief of the Crows, who disapproved of the fighting in the upper village, came to them sad because he had failed to secure the wife he wished, but full of what he had seen at the mission at Sitka. The school, the church, the reading, singing, improved dress and health and houses of the Indians, had deeply impressed him. He desired just the same things for the Chilcats.

Many wants of the mission were making themselves felt. There was no way of calling the people together except by sending messengers from house to house to summon to school or church; here came the need of bell and flag. Then an organ was needed for the schoolhouse, for these Indians are passionately fond of music. Mrs. Willard's piano, for her own house, was yet at Sitka, waiting for transportation.

And here we will tell one great trouble and disadvantage suffered by these

missionaries, but leave its reasons and its remedy for a future chapter: they could not get transportation for their household goods or stores. This compelled them to purchase of the trader at very exorbitant rates, far beyond their means, and also forced them to make too much use of the Indian food, which was unsuited to them, and in the event greatly injured their health.

Another need experienced in the mission was for maps and globes. The Indians asked question upon question; the simplest facts were difficult to explain, because there was no foundation of knowledge of the primary principles of nature. The position of a country, distances, relationships, they could not comprehend; a round world was too great a proposition for their apprehension. Of all the wants, that of an organ was felt the most; for the Indians *would* learn to sing hymns, and in the thunder of their powerful voices the notes of their teacher were irretrievably lost. A canoe was also needed: the mission-trips must be made, or the Indians could not be

reached; but every trip cost five or ten dollars for a canoe.

Many of the Indians were now anxious to come and live by the missionaries, but there were no houses, and no saw-mill to saw the lumber to make houses; and building with huge logs, cutting and dressing them with an axe, required a prodigious amount of hard labor.

Meanwhile, good news came from the upper villages. The Indians were resolved to put into practice what they had been taught. They met, laid down their arms and began to settle their troubles by an exchange of blankets. The wounded man was recovering. The Crows took a Whale into their house, ate with him and had him sleep there, and the Whales took a Crow in the same way. The missionaries now felt that all would go well if no *molasses* came up by steamer. For if molasses, then hoochinoo; if hoochinoo, then fights; if fights, then deaths; if deaths, then revenges. Here is the succession of "Indian troubles." It is the same everywhere: whisky begins a long train of disasters, West

and North, among our aborigines, as well as among our white citizens.

The Indians were now frequently coming to the station and bringing all their troubles. The subject of prayer was one of the first to take hold upon their minds. They came to ask the missionary to teach them to pray; also if it were right to ask for such and such things, and how it was right to pray, and *how soon* to expect answers. Their ideas of faith in prayer were very simple and childlike. One man from a distance came weeping to be taught to pray for his sick boy. He wanted God asked for "prayers to make him well;" and if he must die, he wanted the missionaries to give him some of the right kind of food for his spirit, to sustain it on its long journey to Stickagow. The missionaries, by their interpreter, explained prayer and the manner of God in answer to prayer, also the happiness of children after death, at once received by Jesus, having no long hard journey, no need of anything.

The next day the man came rushing back wild with joy: his child was better.

He had found him in a swoon like death; people said "He is dead," but presently he came to himself, looked about, spoke, was recovering. The men cried,

"It is all true about your God. My child is better."

This recalls New-Testament stories.

Mrs. Willard had considerable knowledge of medicine and nursing, and very fortunate it was, for her skill was to be sorely tested. Meanwhile she was of much use among the sick, and won the love and the gratitude of the Indians.

During the last of October a very remarkable movement took place. Don-a-wauk's whole village of Tindestak moved down to the mission-station for the privilege of attending school and to learn how to be good. The village consisted of sixteen buildings and one hundred and seventy two people. The houses abandoned at Tindestak had cost the Indians much, and to build new ones at Haines would cost much more. These people were really abandoning all things for the sake of learning about Christ.

It was now late in the season; there was no saw-mill near, and no steam-launch to convey lumber from the distant mill. All winter the people must suffer many inconveniences.

Don-a-wauk's heathen relatives tried hard to get him to marry *two* heathen wives, but he staunchly refused.

The school was full, but poorly provided. Many of the Indians near Haines or living at the station were yet heathen and strongly opposed to the new teachers, being wedded to their heathen practices of slavery, polygamy, cremation and shamanism. The Indians who were learning most were still filled with their ancient superstitions and much in the dark, while it was difficult to instruct them fully and clearly through an interpreter, and that interpreter a half-Indian child.

Two or three children died at the beginning of the winter, and with the consent of their relatives were buried in Christian fashion by Mr. Willard. And now winter came on, and in terrible earnest. In September snow had fallen on the adjacent

mountains, but by the 1st of November the snow came to stay, and unhappily it proved a *very* severe winter, unusually cold and snowy, while the newly-moved people were little prepared to meet inclement weather, having half-built houses and insufficient fuel.

To begin the story of the winter's woes with the weather.

The storms were of unusual violence, the snow driving and so thick as to hide objects only a short distance away. During the season some twenty-eight feet of snow fell, but, owing to its melting, it lay about eight feet on a level, while there were drifts very high. The missionaries had not received all their furnishings, though enough to make the home comfortable; on the rest they were paying heavy storage. Their supplies of food were inadequate in quality and variety, as food belonging to them was kept down the river, and they were forced to pay double price for scant supplies at the trading-store or to the Indians. The Indians were much incommoded by the



disastrous weather, and, being shut up in their poor homes, with nothing to do, idleness naturally bred quarreling and a reverting to their old superstitions.

Fifty Indians painted for war entered the missionary's house early in February. Jack, a troublesome native, accused another Indian of having killed his wife. The wife belonged to Jack's family relations, and Jack demanded *pay for her*, the root of the matter being that Jack was out of funds and resolved to raise some money. Mr. Willard, being made judge, jury and counsel for the occasion, stated that the whole affair must be left for the man-of-war, and he would take down in writing all they had to say. Then the Indians, ranged in two rows, painted red and black and with heads tied up, began a loud-voiced session, which lasted from one until eight o'clock in the afternoon, poor Kitty being sole interpreter. Mr. Willard found that Jack could give no proof that the dead woman had been murdered. In fact, Jack had probably brought a false accusation in the vain idea

that Mr. Willard would take his view because he lived at Haines. Finally, the parties came near shooting and stabbing, when Mr. Willard became very peremptory and laid down the law, threatening the vengeance of the man-of-war if they broke peace. Firm dealing had a fine effect, and the Indians departed quietly.

The missionaries invited all the school-children—about a hundred—to spend an evening in the middle of February and play games and sing. After a joyful visit they had some religious talk and prayer, and went home happy.

The 20th of February the missionaries went on snow-shoes to visit the village houses, as they did weekly. They were charged with causing all the trouble and bad weather. The older heathen Indians explained their charge. The gods of the country were angry at the new ways. United States religion did not suit a stormy country like Alaska; the weather-gods were incensed and must be placated. First, the dead children had been buried, not burned; second, Mr. Willard commit-

ted the crime of putting on his snow-shoes in the house ; third, in their games the school-children were allowed to make cries like those of the wild goose. Hence the fearful weather !

On the next Sunday hardly any one except children came to church. On Monday the mother of one of the buried children came in sad distress : the people charged her with being the cause of the storm. Jack and others had gone seal-fishing ; and if they were lost, the Indians meant to kill this woman, who caused all the trouble by burying, not burning, her child. The other mothers had been frightened into finding the graves and building great fires on them "to bring fair weather." They thought these fires had brought two fine days.

Then came more Indians. Their food was gone ; the storehouses were buried under snow, so that they could not enter them. Such weather was never before known : it resulted from the burials. Mr. Willard talked long against their superstitions, and said he could not consent to encourage their heathen practices.

The next Sabbath only sixty were at church; all the rest were digging in the snow to find the graves, to build fires on them. Then a little girl carelessly stood out of doors to comb her hair, and this was witchcraft—deadly witchcraft; and her head was sheared and her hair burned in a great fire on the beach. Next, an unhappy father and mother who had received some light brought their daughter to the missionaries, the Indians threatening to kill her as a witch if her parents did not shut her up in a hut for several months, in the manner before described. The parents related terrible stories of young girls murdered before the missionaries came. This girl was one of the best pupils in the school, and of course the missionary undertook her protection.

The weather changed for the better on March 1st. The Indians had by that time dug the graves free of snow and made their fire, and they attributed the improvement to that.

Owing to the severe weather, the steamer looked for on March 1st did not come up,

and by the last of the month sickness added to the troubles at the mission-station. Mr. Willard was taken with violent pains in his head and with faintings. The small-pox broke out among the Indians, and many died. We are to remember that these missionaries were miles and miles from any white person; no physician was within a hundred miles, and no nurse. If they were ill, there was no one to aid them; if they died, no one to bury them. And in this situation the small-pox invaded the mission-house.

The baby, Carrie, had the small-pox, and Mr. Willard was alarmingly ill. Mrs. Willard nursed them both, but by the time Mr. Willard was out of bed she was ill, with her babe yet sick. Mr. Willard now took his turn as nurse, and Mrs. Willard, bolstered up in her rocking-chair, would be dragged to the side of the sitting-room stove, and there nurse her sick little one.

With all these dangers and sorrows by the domestic hearth, they had also to contend with the ignorance, superstition and hate of the Indians—hate, not to their

teachers, but to one another. Man never falls too low for vanity and pride. These Indians, in all their degradation, have a wonderful amount of caste-feeling. Thus, the Chilcats hold themselves infinitely superior to the Sticks, the tribe lying beyond them in the interior. For years they have robbed and abused the Sticks, and have done all in their power to keep them from coming to the coast to trade. The Chilcats desire to buy furs and other goods from the Sticks for almost nothing, and then themselves sell these to the white men at high prices. They do not wish the Sticks to have missionaries or any intercourse with the whites, lest they "become men," for now they regard them "as beasts."

"The Sticks," say the Chilcats, "are our money; out of them our fathers got rich, and so must we. They are wild; they are not men."

To keep the unlucky Sticks from going to the coast or near the missionaries, the Chilcats told them fearful tales of how they would be killed, and as soon as a Stick In-

dian entered the village the Chilcats hunted him like a dog. Mr. Willard, on the other hand, watched for the Sticks, caught every one that came, took him to his home, treated him well, gave him some little token of kindness and explained to him the gospel of Jesus Christ. From this the poor creatures gained courage, and at last one brought Mr. Willard a fine squirrel-robe, and Mr. Willard paid him for it the same price that he would have given to a Chilcat. At this the Chilcats became furious and assailed Mr. Willard, declaring that he was their enemy and robbed them by dealing with the Sticks. Mr. Willard, on his part, plainly stated to them the laws of honesty in trade. He accused them of cheating and lying to the Sticks, and showed them how they angered the Lord by striving to injure the Sticks in body and in soul. The doctrine of universal brotherhood and of human equality before God came next, and this was a hard lesson for the Chilcats to learn.

Clanot, the head-man of the village, was very angry at this; he tried to show that

he was as superior to a Stick as the sun is to a spark. He said he was disappointed in the missionaries; he expected them to make much of him and build him a fine house, and, instead of that, the preacher set him on a par with the Sticks and told him he must have only one wife instead of three. This discourse of Clanot shows the difficulties with which the missionaries must meet in breaking up this fallow ground of hearts that have never had the message of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come.

April 5th was a white day at Haines. The steamer *Favorite* came up—the first steamer for five months. Fancy the eager joy, the trembling fear, the thankfulness, with which letters were received after this period of entire seclusion from the outer world. And then with the letters came a handsome flag from Joliet, Illinois, and Mrs. Willard's piano, saved from the Sitka fire, and also the sad news of the catastrophe. The Indians hurried to the mission-house to see the flag and "to hear the music go."



The last of April the rivers were free, and a great run of herring came up to Nauk Bay. Of course the Indians set off at once to get their needed food, and the village was almost deserted. The snow still lay on the ground, but the weather was mild, and the snow melted fast. Summer with its vegetation comes here with a leap, like the spring of Harlequin into the ring. "Here I am!" says the man in motley.— "Here I am!" cries Summer in Alaska, and flings in your face a handful of flowers that seem to have been gathered from under the snow.

When the missionaries found that the people were all gone, they packed up a few things and followed them to the fishing-ground to try to have Sabbath services. Some of the Indians were very glad to see their teachers, but some were very sorry, as it would interfere with Sunday work.

Our Eastern lads would wonder at Chilcat fishing. Canoes were taken out, with a woman or child to paddle, and in the canoe stood a man with a long pole, the

end of which was set with sharpened nails. The fisher swept his pole paddle-wise through the water, and after every sweep brought it up with five or six fish sticking to the nails. These he shook off into the canoe, and in a very little while it was half full. On shore the women and children cleaned the piles of fish. The women dug great basins in the beach, cleaned the fish in these, and strung them on willow wands to dry.

Now, on Sunday morning, Mr. Willard hoisted the flag on a cliff over the fishing-station, gathered a few of the school-children and began singing hymns to open worship. But most of the Indians were bent on herring-catching, so they took eight canoes and went out; and, lo! the fish were all gone. They came back angry, saying that the missionaries had driven off the fish. In revenge for this fancied act of the missionaries, the Indians all began to work busily, cleaning Saturday's fish, building booths, whittling wands and making fires. Mr. Willard then went down among them and preached

to them as they worked, telling them how wrong they were and how they could have the blessing of God when they did right. Some of them stopped work ; others came in the afternoon to a service.

Mrs. Willard had for some time seen that there must be a home to shelter children, especially girls. One little orphan had been offered her, but she had no clothes and little space for her, and no authority from home to open such a refuge as the one at Fort Wrangell. But there, on that Sabbath, was this poor little girl, cold, shivering, half naked, frightened, crying over her fish-cleaning, that she believed to be a sin. Mrs. Willard's heart ached for the miserable little mite. She resolved to save her ; so she went among the people and offered to take the girl for her own. They said they were "very glad to get rid of her ;" so on Monday morning, Mrs. Willard took the child back to the station, and then— The home at Haines had started itself, just as the home at Wrangell and the home at Sitka had done.

A dreadful little girl this was. Her

long hair was matted ; her skin was filthy ; she had *nothing* on but a ragged cotton slip which she had worn all winter ; and she was thin from being only half fed. Here was more missionary work.

Mrs. Willard put her new girl into a tub of hot water and scoured her from head to foot with carbolic soap, and then cleaned, combed and braided her long soft hair.

I know a great many people who will feel that this work was the greatest of all Mrs. Willard's acts of self-sacrifice. Well, then the little waif, who had had her supper, was put into a clean night-dress and into a clean bed, taught to say a prayer, and for the first time in her life got a kiss for good-night. But there in her nice bed she was such a different little girl—bright, clean, soft, with smooth skin, well-combed hair and a smile on her face. But there were no clothes for her until that kind lady, overworked and half sick, made the little stranger a full suit, with deer-skin shoes.

Here was one little girl safe, but half a dozen more were imploring to be taken ; and Mrs. Willard began to write to the

committee for a home—a home for these homeless ones.

Now came even worse trouble. Mrs. Willard was very ill: it was thought she would die; and while she was so low Mr. Willard hurt his hand severely in digging his garden. Exposure and poor food had weakened his blood; his wound took a malignant type, and, as they had no surgeon and no proper remedies, it seemed that he must die. Hope fled, but faith and prayer remained; and in God's mercy the wound healed, which seemed little short of a miracle. Then the little Indian girl and baby Carrie Willard took scarlet fever of a severe type, and there was no one to help. Mr. Willard could hardly stand; Mrs. Willard could not stand; the two children were sick on their beds. For so long had they no proper hot food that they all *nearly died of exhaustion*. Mr. Dickinson heard of their trouble and came up and cooked for them, and nursed them as well as he could. By the last of June the children were well, and all were better.

In the mean time, two Indian Christian

teachers had been sent up from Fort Wrangell to the upper Chilcat village where Shat-erich lived. These were Tillie and Louie Paul, formerly pupils in the Fort Wrangell schools. Tillie was one of the first four girls who received protection from Mrs. McFarland. She is a half-breed or creole. She advanced rapidly, became a good housekeeper and seamstress, and for a year and a half was interpreter and assistant teacher at Fort Wrangell, succeeding Mrs. Dickinson in that office. On the 8th of January, 1882, Tillie and Louie were married by Mr. Young, and as soon as spring opened were sent to the upper Chilcat village, which was named Willard.

Indian teachers do not have the authority of, nor meet with the respect accorded to, a white teacher. The Indians are less easily influenced by them, especially if they are alone in their station.

Tillie and Louie Paul had many discouragements. Their school at once numbered sixty, and they made for themselves a garden; but the Indians came and took away the house given to the mission by Shate-

rich, and tore it down. Mr. Willard prepared to go to the rescue of these teachers the last of June, before he was really recovered from his illness; but, meantime, the young couple came down to Haines to tell their troubles.

Besides all this, the provisions forwarded to the Willards by the Board of Missions had not reached them, and day by day they grew weaker from starvation. And thus ended a year of terrible trial, privation and labor.

Mrs. Willard's health seemed ruined by what she had endured.

If the missionaries had had a *boat* at their own disposal, many of their sufferings for lack of food, nursing, medical attendance and medicine might have been spared them. Without a boat they were entirely at the mercy of Indians and traders. Dr. Jackson, at his visit in 1882, secured for Mr. Willard a good boat capable of holding thirty people.

But news of the deep afflictions of these devoted servants of the Church had at last reached those who had sent them forth,

and Christian sympathy awoke in their behalf. The ladies of the Synod of Harrisburg contributed money to build the much-needed home. The bell was sent. In August, 1882, Dr. Jackson set out for another trip to Alaska, and took Miss Bessie Matthews of Monmouth, Illinois, as assistant teacher at the Haines mission.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church, finding such instant demand for their help, have now begun to send to the station at Haines the indispensable comforts and the clothing requisite for the school. It is to be hoped that the worst trials there are passed.

Early in August the news reached Sitka of the desperate straits to which the Willards were reduced; a small steamer was at once despatched to their relief, and Mrs. Austin accompanied it to take charge of the sick. Upon reaching Haines she was much shocked to see the state of exhaustion to which care, toil, suffering and lack of proper nourishment had reduced Mrs. Willard.

She at once removed her to Sitka for medical attendance. The missionaries at



Sitka greatly feared that here was another valuable life sacrificed to the straitened circumstances to which lack of sufficient home-missionary funds reduce our missionaries. God has, however, been better than our fears. Mrs. Willard rallied beyond expectation.

On the 13th of September she became the mother of a son, and, cared for and encouraged by her friends, looked forward to returning to her mission-post and opening the home which her faithful heart so eagerly desired.

## CHAPTER X.

### *STANDARDS SET UP.*

WHEN the industrial home at Fort Wrangell was built, one of the carpenters working upon it was Mr. James E. Chapman, from Ohio. During the visit of Drs. Kendall, Jackson and Lindsley, when the Presbyterian church was organized, Mr. Chapman united on profession of his faith. He remained in Alaska, busy at his trade and helping heartily in mission-work wherever he was, until Dr. Jackson visited there in 1881 and secured him to open the mission-work among the Hydahs with a school, at Howkan. Here, Dr. Jackson left him (August 25, 1881), giving him a few Bibles, wall-charts, a flag, a blackboard and a small and insufficient equipment of books, primers, pencils, and so on—all that could be

spared.\* The Hydah Indians gave a warm welcome to their teacher, and for the use of the school Chief Skulekah generously offered a house until they could build.

Mr. Chapman's goods and provisions had been left at Klawack, and on August 27th he asked some Indians to take him in a canoe to get them. The Indians hesitated, on the score of pay; but Mr. Chapman told them the Lord was able to provide bountiful pay in some manner yet unknown. On this showing, they agreed to go and trust the Lord as a paymaster. Not far on in the trip up rose a fine sea-otter, which they pursued and took, and the skin brought them one hundred dollars, making it a very profitable voyage, to the amazement of the Indians. At Klawack they spent the Sabbath, having interesting services, which were attended not only by the Indians, but by the white men at that station.

At Klawack are a salmon-canning fac-

\* Which suggests that at Sitka we should have a certain stock of such school-materials to draw on in emergency.

tory, a trading-store and various houses. At Roberts, north of Klawack, are a lumber-mill and a trading-post, where a very admirable location has been pointed out for a mission-village.

Matthew, one of Mr. Young's Indian church-members, was present at Mr. Chapman's meeting at Klawack, leading in prayer and making an excellent address in Chinook.

The 30th of August, Mr. Chapman returned to Jackson, his Hydah station, and, gathering some of his Indian friends, went into the woods for lumber. The Indian house offered for the school had no floor and no partitions; a floor was laid and a room partitioned off for Mr. Chapman's apartment. When Rev. Dr. Jackson came up in August, he had brought a bell, and in 1882 a saw-mill—donations of individuals for this Hydah station.

On the day when Mr. Chapman finished altering his schoolhouse the United States survey ship *Hasler* came into the bay at Jackson. The ship remained a week, making surveys and taking soundings, and as-

certained that the anchorage was excellent and there would be no hindrance to vessels of any size entering the bay. The beach was good, with four streams; an excellent mill-site was at hand.

Mr. Chapman was invited to bring a canoe-load of Indians aboard the *Hasler*, where they were kindly entertained, the officers playing for them on violin and piano and showing them many curious things.

On the 12th of September school was opened with thirty-five pupils, the number quickly increasing to eighty. The Hydahs, as Mr. Chapman says, "tried, from the first of his coming, to do their very best."

When Christmas came, none of the far-away friends had thought to send any gifts to Jackson for the Hydahs. If only a hundred cards or a four-pound parcel of illuminated paper books, with a supply of work-bags, needlebooks, pocket-pincushions and handkerchiefs—things that in the aggregate would not have cost more than five or six dollars—had gone to that lonely station, how happy it would have made

the recipients ! Thus we miss golden opportunities for sending treasure on before us into heaven.

Mr. Chapman still kept the Christmas holiday. He trimmed the schoolhouse and the flag with ferns, evergreens and moss. He had some numbers of *Harper's Weekly* and the *Illustrated Christian Weekly*, and, cutting out the pictures from these, he decorated the walls ; then, calling his Indians together, he told them he had nothing for them but a warm heart and a little Bible talk on the birth of the Saviour. The Indians said that was quite enough.

As the teacher talked of Christ, who came to Bethlehem, and was ready now to come into every waiting heart, the poor Indians were deeply interested. One, as the wind hurtled by the door, said,

"I hear some one at the door. Perhaps it is the Christ come now to us ; I must go and let him in." So he went, but, finding no one, said sadly, "I did not go fast enough. Who knows but he has gone ?"

In the spring of 1882, Rev. J. L. Gould and wife were commissioned to the Hydahs,

the station having been named "Jackson," and September 10, 1882, Miss Clara Gould, sister of Mr. Gould, arrived there as assistant. Mrs. James M. Ham of Brooklyn raised the money for the purchase of the saw-mill at this station. Mr. Gould writes: "It requires a fabulous amount of manual labor to do something here—more than the home-mission Board can realize: goods carried in canoes, carried ashore, carried up bank, carried as far as needed. And to clear and level even a small plat of ground for mission-buildings is an enormous task. . . . The villages are deserted from May to September, while we must follow the people to hunting- and fishing grounds. In September the real school-work of the year begins." Mr. Gould pays a deserved compliment to Mr. Chapman: "He is indispensable." Says Mr. Gould: "We are in superlative perplexity how to manage about family, church, school, steamer, mail, lumber for the coming winter. Still, we are having a good time, and propose to be equal to coming emergencies."

The missionary-tour of Dr. Jackson in

1881 is thus described in a Portland paper; "Dr. Sheldon Jackson, who introduced the first Protestant missionaries into South-eastern Alaska, was a passenger down on the steamer *Los Angeles*. This is the doctor's third trip in that section. On this trip he established new missions among the Hydahs and Hoonyahs, located three mission families, erected substantial buildings at the Chilcat and Hoonyah stations, and fitted up a schoolhouse at Hydah. He visited fifteen Indian villages, and preached in the majority of them. The trip among the villages was mostly made in canoes."

In May, 1882, Rev. Mr. Young went up to the Hydah mission with Rev. Mr. Gould. The Hydahs were already off to their hunting-grounds, but the missionaries followed them up, held councils, preached and perfected plans for the missions. This was not Mr. Young's first trip to the Hydahs, as he had previously visited them in April, 1880.

The Hydahs had visited Fort Wrangell and attracted attention as an uncommonly fine-looking and intelligent set of Indians.



They were interrogated as to their families, and, owing to their inability to count in high numbers, the census of the tribe was greatly over-estimated,

As above stated, in April, 1880, Rev. Mr. Young, Rev. Mr. Lyon and certain Christian Indians, with two Hydah chiefs, left Fort Wrangell, and, going south through sounds and straits to Prince of Wales Island, sailing amid scenery of unequaled beauty, came to Kusan, the finest of all the Indian villages of the archipelago. Here were the best Indian houses and the most elaborate totem-poles on all that coast. The village was clean and picturesque, the Hydahs at home seeming as superior to the other tribes as did Hydahs abroad. The Indians were most of them away, but the chief's mother opened his house, which was large, furnished with sash and door, carved and painted, and possessing some furniture and pictures. Roman Catholic priests had visited this village and taken two of the chief's boys to educate in the Catholic school at New Westminster.

In front of one chief's house was a pole

carved in eagles' heads, white men's faces and scroll-work of rare beauty. This was executed by Kenowan, the finest jeweler and native carver on the coast. Mr. and Mrs. Young adopted Kenowan's little daughter, Susy, a very bright girl with some of her father's gifts. Susy looks like a pretty white girl.

Pushing on, the missionaries found Chief Sanheit, who, though somewhat under Romish influences, talked sensibly and said that only a mission would save his people from extinction, and that he must at once have a school. He promised cordial support to a Protestant missionary. Still passing on among the Hydah villages, they secured a granddaughter of another chief for Mrs. McFarland's home.

At Kusan a council was held. The Hydahs said they had visited Metlahkatlah and wanted just such a mission—an industrial Christian village with church and schools, with "United States homes," saw-mill, boat and agriculture.

"It is impossible," said the Hydah chief, "for our young men to break away from

old customs and old vices so long as they live crowded, many in a one-room house. They live then in dirt and talk and do wrong things. We ask no gifts; we will buy lumber and goods and build a new town. Bring us a saw-mill: the mill shall pay its bringer well."

Now, this was Indian talk—Hydah talk—and what better, more honest talk could we ask?

Kow, an aged and blind chief, was earnestly seeking the salvation of his soul. Like a child he sat and listened and questioned, and, says the missionary, "I could not talk long enough about the Saviour to satisfy him."

Still passing on among the Hydahs, the cry was for "saw-mill and school."

"Once," said the Hydahs, "we were strong and many, but white men came; then came vice, disease, drunkenness, crime, death. One by one we die fast like the leaves."

Then, to their great joy, they saw another kind of whites, who brought them word of a good God, and of schools,

books and help, and by these they should be repaid for the evil.

Mr. Young says the trip was disappointing in only one regard: they found that the Hydahs were less numerous than they had expected. They have died off terribly in the last twenty years.

Mr. Young ends the account of his trip to the Hydahs by saying: "The call is loud and urgent. First Chilcat, then Hydah, then Hoonyah, and we have control of Southern Alaska." This cry came in July, 1880. We have seen that one year later missions were well established in Chilcat, Hydah and Hoonyah.

To return to Mr. Gould's work.

Mr. Gould had left his wife at Fort Wrangell while he went down to Jackson, the Hydah station, to prepare a shelter and collect the Indians at the mission. He writes, June 17, 1882: "Old Chief Skuli died last night; he said he was not afraid to die. I cannot tell how much the poor old man understood of God, himself, or the future, but, I trust, enough to be saved. We are making quiet prepara-

tions for a Christian burial. Young Chief Skuli, his heir, is one of our best men." Before the end of June, Mr. Gould had two funerals and one wedding conducted in religious style—"almost decently and in order," says the encouraged missionary. One Indian here—Skuleka—had for *two years* kept the body of his young son, waiting for a preacher to come live among them and to bury him. This body was now buried. It is a pathetic tale of waiting.

The absence of all the Indians at hunting and fishing prevented work on the mission-buildings from moving forward properly, and this in its turn disappoints the Indians, who expect, when a teacher arrives, to see mission-premises and "Boston living" rise out of the ground as by magic.

The Hydahs are remarkably zealous for education, but more than any tribe look upon religion in a business light and desire it for the staying of the destruction of their race and for building them up in prosperity. All who have

visited this tribe agree that they are of the finest and most promising of the Alaskans, vigorous, brave, acute, persevering, quick to learn. The mission among them is particularly promising. Mrs. Ham of Brooklyn is one of its warm friends, and united with Mrs. James to send the mission a library, while Miss Wheeler, of the Ladies' Board of Missions, assured Mrs. Gould's support.

We now glance at Hoonyah.

The school at Hoonyah was established November 7, 1881, by Dr. Jackson, who also erected the mission-house. Mr. Walter B. Styles of New York was commissioned as teacher, and is aided by his wife, a younger daughter of Mr. Alonzo B. Austin of Sitka. This lady had been engaged in the school-work at Sitka. The name given to the station was "Boyd," and the station itself is about halfway between Sitka and Haines. At the opening of this school some seventy pupils came, and the attendance has been well maintained. The Hoonyah Indians showed remarkable quickness of intellect. Mr. Styles re-

ports that during the first five weeks the pupils, besides the progress they made in learning to read—all beginning at the alphabet—committed the Lord's Prayer, two hymns, two commandments, the names and uses of several tools, one hundred and fifty names of objects, how to count one hundred, and so on. English in speaking, reading and writing is taught in all these Indian schools. The population of Alaska will come from the United States; these Indians are to be made into American citizens, and they are taught the tongue of their new mother-country. At Hoon-yah, as in the other Alaskan schools, the teaching is largely oral and in object lessons.

Mr. Stiles, in his first report of his school, mentions the need of books, maps, charts, slates, seeds of flowers and garden-vegetables, needles, thread and cloth, also a sewing-machine. Mrs. Stiles has a sewing class—a much-needed work at Hoonyah—and Mr. Stiles desires to instruct the men and lads in gardening. There is a trading-store at Boyd. On the 1st of

March, 1882, a snowdrift extended all the way over the roof of this store, and the snow around the mission-house was fifteen feet deep.

This station among the Hoonyahs—Boyd—suffers especially from the nomadic character of the tribe. So long as the Indians have no fixed means of support they must move from winter-quarters to spring, summer and autumn fishing-, berrying- and hunting-grounds. In the eight months of roving life they forget all that was learned in the four months of schooling. This nomadic existence prevents the establishment of comfortable and decent domestic life, and lays them especially open to temptations of drink, Sabbath-breaking and licentiousness.

Mr. Duncan, of the English mission at Metlahkatlah, found a solution of this difficulty by building a village and there opening industries for the Indians—trade, lumbering, agriculture. No doubt, if the United States Indian Department could give some aid in setting up a model industrial town at one of our stations, giving, as



was done in British Columbia, part of the price of the houses, a saw-mill and a trading vessel, leaving the Indians to own shares in all, while the missionaries were reinforced by Christian teachers of mechanical arts, and the Indians were taught building, agriculture, weaving, shoemaking, and had a manufactory for their beautiful grass and bark baskets and mat-making, and for their carving, which products would meet ready sale in our large cities, and could be forwarded *viâ* San Francisco at moderate expense,—we should have in a few years, as at Metlahkatlah, not only an orderly Christian village, not only a self-supporting village, but a thriving and rich village, a centre of industry and an example to the whole Alaskan region. In fact, Christian mechanics and the teaching of the Indians agriculture and some kind of handiwork will be the grand means of transforming them from nomads to settled, increasing and improving tribes.

Another important piece of mission-work has been undertaken at Upper Takoo, among the mines and fisheries. Between

Fort Wrangell and Haines is a small river called the Takoo, at whose upper fork is located an Indian village inhabited mostly in summer or early spring, when the fish are ascending all the streams in great numbers. Mrs. Dr. Corlies, writing of this river, says: "I feel confident that the scenery on the upper Takoo will equal in grandeur any in the world. It has snow-capped mountains, glistening glaciers and foaming cataracts."

In 1881, Dr. and Mrs. Corlies determined to visit this fishing-village. The voyage was by canoe, and difficult because of the exceedingly swift current, which whirled the canoe about and tossed it from bank to bank. Timid women do not make good missionaries in Alaska. Sometimes all the passengers were landed on a sand-bank to walk while the canoe was carried. When the missionaries arrived at Takoo, the chiefs received them coldly. They said clearly that they kept slaves and loved hoochinoo, and they understood that gospel-teachers came to do away with these things. Dr. and Mrs. Corlies opened a school, and

the young people asserted their right to attend. In a few weeks the pupils could read words of three and four letters and sing a number of hymns.

The weather at Takoo was at this time very hot, so the missionaries had morning school, and then evening school from six to ten, when twilight began. The woods were full of all kinds of ripe berries for food, and the fish were good and plenty. The young people proved apt and docile, and all came to Sabbath services, which were also joined by Indians, who came in canoes from other parts of the river. On Sabbath evening Dr. Corlies read the Bible to the gathered Indians, explaining its stories and precepts. The poor heathen were greedy for this reading; they sat in crowded circles long after dark while Dr. Corlies stood among them to read, and some Indian at his side would hold a candle close over the page.

As each week went by the effect of the teaching became more evident: there was less and less hoochinoo, better order, more knowledge, more eagerness to be taught

And so in the forest-village the missionaries were not without their reward.

In June, 1882, Mr. Corlies decided to remove to Juneau and there establish a permanent station. The place where this devoted, self-sustaining family of three have chosen to abide is twelve miles south of Juneau, where they live among the Takoo tribe, far from the face of any white person. This is heroism and self-sacrifice beyond what most of us reach, and we trust that, as the Church is not called upon through its Board of Home Missions to contribute to the support of these missionaries, liberal donations of mission-work material—as text-cards, pictures, easy books, Christmas-tree gifts, clothing for the children they gather in, and books and comforts for the missionaries themselves in their isolation and in the long dark winter days—will be sent by individuals.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *HOME-SCHOOLS IN ALASKA.*

NO unalterable laws can be laid down for the conduct of our mission-fields. Each country opened to the entrance of the gospel has its especial difficulties and needs and calls for its own peculiar methods of work. The missionaries, as on the ground, and therefore better acquainted with the particular wants and opportunities, should, for the most part, be the judges of the appliances demanded.

One prominent feature of the mission-work in Alaska is the home-school. This will be an increasingly important phase, and a large outlay will be demanded to place and keep these homes on a proper footing. We propose, therefore, to devote an entire chapter to the industrial home in Alaska. The homes required and estab-

lished in Alaska are for both boys and girls.

The longest established and most successful work among any Alaskan Indian tribe is that maintained by Mr. Duncan, of the Church of England, begun at Fort Simpson in 1856, and removed to the mission-village of Metlahkatlah in 1863. Early in his missionary life Mr. Duncan discovered that the Christian Indians, with their children, must be in a measure segregated from the pagans, and especially that the children and youth must be rescued from the contaminating influences of heathenism, before any effective work could be accomplished. Mr. Duncan writes: "What is to become of the children and youth under instruction . . . if they are permitted to slip away from us into the gulf of vice and misery that everywhere surrounds them? Then the fate of these tribes is sealed, and the labor and money already spent for their welfare might as well have been thrown away. The more thoughtful part of the Indians already see this, and are asking—yes, *craving*—a remedy. The

head-chief is constantly urging this question upon me, and begs that steps may be taken which shall give the Indians that are inclined, and especially the children now being taught, a chance and a help to become what good people desire them to be. In the present state of affairs this is the only method in which real and permanent good can be effected."

In pursuance of this plan for the rescue of the converts and youth, Mr. Duncan removed the Christian Indians to some distance from their heathen friends, and aided them to build a village in a spot fitted for gardening, fishing, commerce and hunting. Here the Sabbath was to be strictly observed; no strong drink was admitted; simple and needful laws were to be promulgated and enforced. The result was a beautiful, orderly, self-supporting—even rich—village, a large ingathering of souls into the church, and one of the most wonderful examples given in modern times of the regenerating power of the gospel of Christ. And even in this Christian village Mr. Duncan found the home-school

needful to train up a generation of youth entirely free from the degraded and superstitious fashions and feelings of their ancestors.

In fact, in every new field among these people the demand for an industrial home-school has confronted our missionaries, and that for the following reasons:

*First.*—The houses of the Indians are not fitted for any decency of home-life, nor for maintaining health. The houses are often without any partitions, and are inhabited by many Indians together, of all ages and both sexes. There is no possibility of securing modesty of demeanor, purity of thought or cleanliness of living in these circumstances. Polygamy of the most shameless type exists, and child-marriages are common. There is no need to expatiate on the moral degradation resulting from twenty, thirty or more persons living in one room: the results would be evident even to an idiot.

But these houses are dangerous to health. They are not clean, they are not drained; the fires are often in the centre and the the place is full of smoke, occasioning very



general diseases of the eyes. The windows are frequently of some kind of parchment, so that ventilation is impossible; the crowding and the bad air encourage strumous diseases, and by these especially the Indian tribes are decreasing. Unless something is done to stop the process of decay resulting from vitiated blood, these Indian races will disappear.

If missionaries spend their time and the funds of the Church laboring among generations remitted to these disastrous home influences, the labor will be to a great degree thrown away. The Indians will be sickly, inert and short-lived, and it will be almost impossible to put in practice the truths taught, and even accepted. Imagine the endeavor of a youth to obey the ten commandments in an Indian house full of heathen. Idolatry, cruelty, revenge, murder, Sabbath-breaking, theft, profanity, uncleanness and lying form the daily life of the whole establishment. To require the child to breathe this atmosphere while its own blood is full of the inherited tendencies of heathenism, and yet live in harmony

with the law of God, is to demand the impossible.

*Second.*—Homes for girls are imperatively needed to rescue them from the cruel imprisonment of months or years to which custom makes them subject. This horrible ordeal gives them degraded ideas of their own status, destroys hopefulness, health and happiness, and often causes their premature death. We can only wonder that any survive it. Dall says that this imprisonment has a most ruinous physical effect; that the girls become weak and the women have a feeble, tottering gait very much in contrast with the vigorous, rapid step of the men.

*Third.*—Homes for boys are especially needed to rescue them from the influence of the shamans and to save them from shaman-training. Boys are early apprenticed to the trade of witch-doctors—a life full of cruelty and extortion, and entered through the most horrible initiation. The neophyte is required to undergo cuttings and tortures; to go naked, or nearly naked; with his teeth to tear living dogs; to eat

dog flesh and human flesh ; to bite the flesh out of his friends and relatives ; and to hold in his mouth portions of corpses.

*Fourth.*—Both boys and girls are trained as above to make them wise in witchcraft. Where not so tutored themselves, they see the pupils of the shamans going through their orgies, and are also open to their cruel and disfiguring attacks.

*Fifth.*—The young being more susceptible to religious training, the missionaries secure many more youth than grown people for adherents. The older people are occupied in their work—hunting, fishing, trading—and have less time, as well as less inclination, to attend school ; while they are also, to a large degree, discouraged from attendance by finding it difficult to learn the lessons given. The men and women are by habit more rooted than the young in their old superstitions. Thus it falls out that in families where the older people are heathen of the most stubborn type the youth are pupils, and often very bright and docile pupils, of the mission. Their heathen friends, either actively or passively, are

constantly antagonizing the instructions of the missionaries and filling the child's mind with the superstitions and vileness of paganism. The only way to clinch the religious teaching given in the school and to make civilization possible is to separate the youth from his demoralized family, else what is built up in school is torn down at home. Even in the public and private schools of our most civilized communities the ratio of the progress and the propriety of the pupils is in the ratio of the cultivation and the good discipline of their homes. How often a teacher says, "I could make something of that child if I had any home-training to fall back on"!

*Sixth.*—Another very weighty reason for the establishment of the home-school is to be found in the vice and degradation of the Indian mothers. Long centuries of cruelty and demoralization have eliminated the idea of virtue from the Indian mind. The Alaskan women are outcast and brutalized. They have no notion of purity or of decency. It would be simply revolting to exhibit the testimony of Dall, of Surgeon White, of Mr.

Crosby and of others conversant with facts. It is an old proverb, "As is the mother, so the daughter." With or without reason, the daughter of a vicious mother is looked on with suspicion. Our courts consider that the immoral character of a mother affords good and sufficient reason for removing her children from her custody. The daily example, the open teachings, the whole tone, of the heathen mothers are destructive of virtue in the child. Therefore, to secure a generation of virtuous men and women who shall be capable of training up their families in moral living, we must set apart the youth of the present day in schools where decency and integrity can be inculcated, exhibited and enforced.

*Seventh.*—Again, we find the need of our home-school in the open and shameless sale of girls by their relatives, and in the fact that when young—even very young—girls are enticed away by wicked men, no reprobation follows the deed. We have seen Katy's mother trying to drag her off for sale. The parents just as much expected to sell their daughters for a few blankets as

they expected to sell their furs or their fish.

These young girls of Alaska have a right to protection ; and, since our government moves slowly in according it, the Church of God is doubly bound to go to their rescue by providing homes for their refuge. The Alaskan girl will be kidnapped on the streets or sold by her relations, and the more mannerly, bright, cleanly and attractive she becomes through the influence of the school and Christian instruction, the more she is in danger. The one hope for her is a home where she can live safely, and where the teachers shall be kind and powerful guardians.

*Eighth.*—The prevalence of witchcraft notions in Alaska makes it needful to provide homes to shelter the victims, who are often young children—even infants.

On the 8th of December, 1882, Shaaks heard at Fort Wrangell that a child was being starved as a witch. Accompanied by Mr. Young, he went to the house indicated, and found a sick woman in bed and a man by the fire. They denied all knowl-

edge of the child ; but Shaaks instituted a search, and found a very diminutive five-year-old child crowded under the bed and barricaded by pails and boxes. The accused baby was an orphan creole and so weak that she could not stand, her body bruised, her cheek blackened by a violent blow ; she had been given only sea-water to drink, and no food for several days. A pitiful object indeed ! The poor thing said the people called her “ bad medicine,” and she did not know what bad medicine was. Mr. Young carried her off, and at the nearest white man’s house got her a piece of biscuit. Shaaks then took her to his house and fed her at judicious intervals during the night. The next day she was brought to the home, and Miss Dunbar washed and dressed her ; and, with her nice clothes and neatly-arranged hair, she was found to be an unusually bright and pretty child. The people who had abused her admitted their treatment, but maintained that she was a witch. At Mrs. McFarland’s home this “ witch ” is one of the most loving, artless and obedient children, and learns rapidly.

Again, Miss Dunbar was walking on the beach with some of the home-girls, when a canoe of fugitives landed and, hurrying to her, demanded help. It was a whole family condemned to die by torture for witchcraft. The shamans accuse the aged, the poor or the children. This family was composed of two old people, their daughter, her child and some others. The old woman was first murdered as a witch, but by night the aged man got the others into a canoe and set out for Fort Wrangell, where he had heard there was a home and some missionaries who protected people. The grandfather wanted the little girl received into the home, while he found refuge in the village with his family. The girl was at once accepted as a pupil.

Another pitiful case brought before Mrs. McFarland was of Kooseetke, a child of a high-caste Stickeen family—a family greatly given to whisky. In defiance of the customs officer, they went continually over those fatal steps—molasses, hoochinoo, drunkenness, fights, murders, revenge. Pushed about by her drunken parents, Kooseetke



got two bad falls, hopelessly injuring her spine and her chest. In 1879, during a hoochinoo uproar at the fishing-station, Koosetke's father shot his wife before his child's eyes and towed her ghastly corpse down to Wrangell behind the canoe in which sat his eight-year-old daughter. When the horrible spectacle was seen from the shore, Koosetke's married half-sister rushed to the water, and, snatching up the frantic little one, carried her to Mrs. McFarland. Mrs. McFarland received her, realizing that it must be only to let her die in peace. All that skill could do to relieve her physical infirmities was done; all that love could do to blot out terrible memories from that baby-mind and fill it with happy child-thoughts was done. Saddest and most patient of all the home-children, waking at night with wild shrieks, the echoes of her past alarms, her limbs becoming slowly paralyzed, little Koosetke drifted down to death. Standing by a window of the home during that unhappy February fight already described, this child of misfortune saw her father killed by one

of her mother's relations, the avenger of blood. It was the last blow: within a week she died in nervous spasms. But she died happy, speaking of the Jesus whom she had learned to love, and of the heaven where God receives little children.

*Ninth.*—We also find our industrial homes needed to train the children and the youth in habits of order, industry, neatness and home-making that it is impossible for them to acquire at their own homes, even when their parents are among the converts to Christianity.

When an Indian woman renounces vice and heathenism and becomes a sincere follower of Christ, a great change indeed enters her home-life. She is more kind, more cleanly, more industrious; she has forsaken her vices and strives to improve. But old people advance slowly in manner of daily living, and the improvement is further hindered by poverty. She has no means of setting a decent family meal; her religion does not inspire her with a knowledge of sewing, breadmaking, house-cleaning and laundry-work. She learns these

things more slowly than a child would. If her children are to learn these "arts" and become habituated to the decencies of life, it must be in homes supervised by the missionaries and provided with means of instruction. Boys and girls in these homes learn cooking, washing, scrubbing—the general methods of housework. They are taught regularity and neatness. The girls learn to sew, to cut and to make clothes; the boys garden, prepare fuel, and salt, smoke and dry food. As the homes improve in means the pupils will also learn shoemaking, tailoring and other work. They are and will be, in every sense of the words, *industrial homes*.

*Tenth.*—We must have these homes for both boys and girls to train up a generation suited to each other in habits of thought and manner of life. If only one-half of the Indian family is civilized, the civilization of the future home is impossible. The lad cultured by the school-training will not be happy with a wife taken from the Indian ranche and versed only in Indian ways, nor will the girl instructed for several

years in decent living want "a blanket Indian" for a husband. Already some who have been trained in these homes are setting up Christian families, which will be examples and springs of good to their tribes.

*Eleventh.*—Another need met by these homes is in the training of Indians for teachers and assistant missionaries to their own people. Even as interpreters, to be useful, they must be Christianized and enlightened. Some have already gone from the Fort Wrangell school to this work—as Mrs. Dickinson and Tillie and Louie Paull, mentioned in our last chapter.

*Twelfth.*—These schools do not break family ties nor violate family feeling. They are the refuge of orphans, and are also the homes of those whose parents eagerly bring them to claim advantages which they themselves never had. Even the heathen Indians have shown a remarkable desire for the instruction and the rescue of their children. Again and again parents have come imploring that room may be made in the homes for their children, that they either

may become "wise and strong" or may be saved from the superstitions and the witchcraft accusations of their heathen people.

*Thirteenth.*—Finally, in these schools we must create a public opinion. Even among Alaskans progress cannot stem the tide of public opinion. So long as drunkenness, revenge, murder—vice of all kinds—shall be considered neither wrong nor disgraceful, but even praiseworthy, so long these vices will abound. A generation must be educated which will look at morals in a right light—a generation which shall be virtuous, temperate, cleanly, industrious; a generation, in short, permeated with the alphabet and the ten commandments. And such a generation, as in the above points has been conclusively shown, can be secured only in the training of our industrial home-schools. Wrangell, Sitka and Haines have now such homes assured. The Church must be faithful, courageous, hearty in giving, that at each of our stations a home may be set up as a part of the indispensable work of the mission. We must plant the teacher's house, the church, the school-building

and the industrial home at every station as our declaration that we mean to carry this work thoroughly and wisely to its completion.

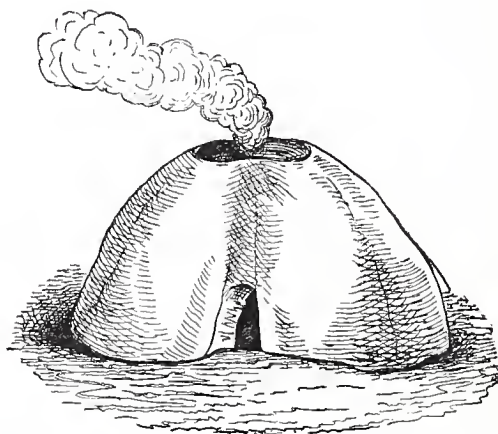
The Alaskan tribes are not large: they have been wasting away under whisky and vice. Given the gospel, we trust they may increase, and no longer diminish. As a general thing, each tribe needs its mission, and each mission needs its home capable of accommodating from twenty-five to fifty pupils, or in some tribes as many as a hundred. Trades and agriculture and housework and sewing must be taught, and, though our missionaries are doubtless very gifted people, I see no reason to suppose that they are of such a surprising quality that they can teach in all these branches without materials or implements. Theoretical carpentry will fall wearily on Indian ears; they must have saws and hammers and planes and nails and lumber. Let us be done with "bricks without straw" in our missions.

And here—as we do not intend to get out books as yearly bulletins of our mis-

sions—let it be added that the time is coming when another school, of another class, must be provided, and liberally provided, in the most eligible locality to be found in Alaska—a school for white children. Already in our mission families there are children whom it will be equally inadvisable to keep among the heathen at the stations or send thousands of miles from their parents whilst between the ages of eight and sixteen. There are also traders' families, government officials and other white people of good standing and refinement, who are finding homes for a longer or shorter time in Alaska. To accommodate the children of such households, the Church, if she lives up to the measure of her duty and her opportunity, will within a few years provide a well-appointed school, well furnished, well supplied with apparatus, well taught.

The Presbyterian Church, through the action of her missionary agent, whose acts the Church has not repudiated, finds herself with Alaska on her hands. It is too late now to question whether we had

better cultivate the Alaskan field. The question before us is, "How well will we do it?" knowing that in whatever we do we give future ages a specimen of Presbyterian work.



KUTCHIN LODGE ON THE UPPER YUKON RIVER, ALASKA.



## CHAPTER XII.

### *BOATS AND SAW-MILLS.*

**I**N behalf of our Alaskan mission-field certain requests, to some people very astonishing, have been made. The workers at the station, and Dr. Jackson after his yearly tours, have stated wants that have excited some wonderment. As we have said in our chapter on "homes," our missionaries sent to Alaska are people of piety and common sense and have the full confidence of the Church. Therefore, when these missionaries assert that certain things are needed in the prosecution of their duties, we might as well take this as a plain statement of important facts and meet it in a spirit of liberality. Some of these extraordinary, as not every-day, requests are for—

BELLS,  
FLAGS,  
CANOES,  
SAW-MILLS,  
STEAM-LAUNCHES.

We shall presently add a few others, which, as being of a personal nature, our missionaries have been too modest to mention.

We will begin by saying that our Alaskan missions are not the only missions that have made these demands. Our own churches have sent one or two boats to Africa, and did well in sending them. A Scotch missionary in New Guinea wanted a steamboat. The "directors" did not know how they could consistently give a steamboat: they hoped the missionary could get on without such an unusual appliance for gospel-preaching. However, he found a wealthy lady to listen to his plea, and she brought light to the eyes of the directors by a cheque large enough to buy and equip a neat little steamer. Many letters from the New-Guinea mission would not have



THE HARBOR OF SITKA, WITH OUTLYING ISLANDS.



accomplished so much as did that slip of paper with a good name on it, and now the steamboat Ellengowan is opening up New Guinea to the gospel.

When Mr. Duncan began his work at Metlahkatlah he found that he needed a schooner, and he soon had the boat; then he found that he must secure a saw-mill, and he presently had the mill; and both vessel and mill have helped in the wonderful results obtained at Metlahkatlah.

To begin with the saw-mill. In Alaska there is lumber enough to house the people comfortably, if it can be cut properly for use. So long as only axes are to be had for felling and shaping timber, the difficulty of putting up new houses or partitioning or improving old ones will be great. We have already shown that the present Alaskan house is not an abode conducive to health or to decency. The missionaries are encouraging the Indians to build houses with rooms, chimneys and windows. Now, these are humble and needful requirements in a house, and civilization cannot be secured without them. The Indians are anxious for

better—or, as they say, “United-States”—houses. They are willing to cut down the trees, to convey them to the mill and to *pay* for the sawing of their lumber. The mission-premises—the dwelling-house, church, schoolhouse and industrial home—can be put up much more cheaply, quickly and commodiously if a saw-mill is within a reasonable distance. The mills will soon become valuable property, because emigrants will go in increasing numbers to Alaska, and will need lumber for their houses.

As has already been stated, the Alaskan tribes are small—generally from three hundred to nine hundred. These families live in from two to five little villages lying from five to thirty miles apart. The missionary cannot be in all these places; his visiting-tours will not be as effective as could be wished, because it will be difficult to find a shelter for himself or a building fit for services. That the church and the school may exert their full influence, and that the Indians may be encouraged to preserve order and to keep the Sabbath, it is desir-

able that many of the families may be persuaded to live near the station. To do this they must build houses at the station; and that the houses may be comfortable and the difficulties of the removal not overwhelming, saw-mills should be within a certain number of miles.

The missionary to the Hydahs writes: "Do your very best to get a saw-mill; it is absolutely essential to the highest success of the mission to the Hydahs—almost a *sine qua non*. With a live missionary, a saw-mill and a Christian trader at the store, we can make the model-mission of Alaska." This saw-mill at Hydah would prepare lumber for Haines if there were means of transporting it to that place, and that the transportation is abundantly easy we shall soon show.

In regard to the value of saw-mills to the missions in Alaska the Rev. Mr. Brady says: "The first step in the material work in Alaska is a saw-mill. However anxious the Christian natives may be to have separate homes for their families, it is almost impossible for them to procure the necessary



lumber for the erection of their houses. Several times leading Indians have said to the missionaries, 'We would not ask you to give us lumber, but would gladly pay for it if there was a mill here to make it.' It is a common remark of the people when urged to better lives: 'How can we do better, and how can we keep our girls pure, while several families are compelled to live and sleep in the same room?' If these people are to be separated into families, each of one man with his wife and children, they must be assisted by the missionary society or the government. A saw-mill will aid them most. And they should be required to pay for what they get."

Dr. Jackson, with full knowledge of the field, says: "It becomes, then, a part of the mission-work to create material industries as well as give gospel privileges. If any church or individuals will give two thousand dollars to purchase and erect a saw-mill in Alaska, they will provide some of the natives with employment, and at a reasonable rate furnish the materials with which they can erect homes for themselves."



These saw-mills, put up at suitable sites where they would be accessible to the greatest number of villages, would be both useful and profitable.

Next to the saw-mill in importance comes the steam-launch. And before any one has time to grow a well-sized prejudice in the soil of this suggestion, let us explain that it is full of the seed of common-sense. If one or two steam-launches are provided, then the lumber cut at our mills can be carried or pushed in rafts, as on the Ohio River, to the localities where it is needed. And let us respectfully suggest that just now Alaska has no roads.

Again: all the smaller boats plying the Alaskan waters belong to traders. They, of course, are governed by the traders' ideas of profit; they go and come to suit him, and not to suit the public. Now, this is natural and not to be complained of; *but* on this account our missionaries are frequently deprived of mails, of stores, of freight, of things needful to their very existence, as in case of Mr. and Mrs. Willard. If Mr. Willard had had a steam-launch at

his disposal, he could have readily made the seventy-five miles down the open inlet and procured the food, medicine and medical aid which his family and the Indians needed, and many Indians' lives would have been saved; but on snow-shoes he could not traverse more than a hundred miles by land over an unknown country lying eight feet under snow.

The steam-launch needs but a very small crew, and Indians are quick to learn and very careful in execution; two Indians, with one white man, would be all the hands needed. Indeed, a monthly trip would not take too much time for the missionary to run his boat himself, giving opportunity for visiting villages on the route, preaching and gathering up pupils for the schools.

A grand advantage of the steam-launch owned by the mission would be in helping to destroy the whisky-trade. The mission-boat could carry freight at low rates, and so monopolize trade, to a degree, by a craft that carried no whisky, and no molasses for hoochinoo purposes. Now the

boats carry up liquor and institute a reign of death.

The canoe is the next great want. Every station should have a canoe. Remember, there are no roads. The mission-tours must be made in canoes. Exercise must be had and errands done by canoe. Expeditions to visit the sick or to bury the dead must be by canoe. The hire of a canoe is from five to ten dollars for each trip; the canoe itself would cost from fifty to one hundred dollars. In busy fishing-seasons the Indians will not rent their canoes for any price. The home-pupils need the canoe for exercise, for practice and for fishing-excursions to bring in food for their home. We have seen how much Mrs. McFarland felt the need of a canoe—so much that she and Miss Dunbar, from their small means, subscribed ten dollars each for the purchase of one. The canoe is not a luxury, but a necessity.

The bell is absolutely needed at each station to call the people to school and to church. The people have no way of telling time; and if regularity and punctuality

are worth anything in schools or in churches, we must, in Alaska, have a bell to secure them. At the Takoo mines, when the bell sent by Mrs. Langdon was being shipped from one steamer to another, some young fellows, long exiled from the familiar Sabbath sound, set it up on the wharf and rang it—the first Protestant church-bell that ever rang in Alaska. As its notes swelled in the air Indians and miners flocked to the wharf demanding a church service. At once a choir was arranged, an interpreter called and the gospel preached. Many white people within range of the stations will attend church if they hear the long-ago familiar sound of a bell. The bell calls to the emigrant with the voice of the past.

The American flag is also needed at all our stations. These Indians have a natural genius for patriotism, and their love for the United States should be fostered. If such love had been fostered in all our aborigines, many kindly eyes would be looking forth where now are empty sockets in skulls bleaching on Western plains.

The flag is also needed to tell when Sunday comes. As yet, the tribes find it hard to keep the days of the week and rightly to place the holy day. The flag, unfurled at sunrise, would warn them to lay aside labor for the Sabbath and prepare to go to church when the bell called the hour.

And now, to be plain with the good sisters of the Church, no lady should have been sent out, as Mrs. Willard was, to a station out of reach of all help and all white people, without sending with her a Christian servant-woman. This would have been mere humane common sense. It is not impossible to find deeply-pious, kindly and plainly-educated working-women who will gladly go on such a mission, not only helping the missionary in the household, but taking a class in the Sabbath-school, and going, as time served, from house to house teaching the Indian women good ways of working. There are many such women, whose daily presence would be a help and a comfort, who would be the mainstay of the mission-home. If Mrs. Willard had had such a one—cheerful in

trial and ready in emergency—she need not have come near dying for want of warm food, nor need she, unable to stand, have nursed her sick child as she sat bolstered up in her chair. Why send out a lady to a life of unusual labor and trial, and send her deprived of the manual help to which she has all her life been accustomed? Because she submits to suffering and privation for Christ's sake, is it any *reason* that *we* should add to her suffering and privation by neglecting to supply her needs? We have enough plain duties without weaving martyr-crowns for *other people*.

Akin to such provision for the daily needs of our missionaries, it will be well often to send out to the stations a married pair, of missionary spirit and assured piety, who, being able to give some aid in the Sabbath-school and the prayer-meetings, shall particularly devote themselves to secular duties and instruction. A man who could cultivate the mission-land, teach the Indians agriculture, know something of carpentry and be able to work at launch or saw-mill, where these belonged to the mis-

sion, would be invaluable at the station, and would set the missionary free for the higher work of gospel-instructing. We should not send the missionary to a station with a civil suggestion that he perform the work done by some five men at home.

The wife of this lay-missionary might be competent to have an especial part in a daily or tri-weekly sewing class—one who could teach the Indian women baking and laundry-work, who would be ready to aid the missionary's wife in visiting and nursing the sick and in giving the Indian women lessons in these duties and in the care of young children. Such lay-missionaries are well known in German stations. Such helpers as these could also, in a manner, supply the place of the missionaries in time of sickness or when they went now and then, as they should surely do, to visit the other stations, compare methods and success of work and get needed rest.

Let those who are liberal and wise-hearted ponder these things, for all these needs must be supplied by individual and especial benevolence.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### *EDUCATION IN ALASKA.*

THE tribe of Alaskan Indians with whom the Russians came most in contact was the Aleuts. Many of the Russian employés of the fur company intermarried with this tribe, and their creole children were trained with some care in the Russian schools. These creoles rose frequently to high positions under the fur company or the Russian government: in their numbers we find officers, sea-captains, priests of the Greek Church, traders, directors of the company. Etolin, who by force of his merit and talent raised himself to the first position in the colony—that of governor and chief director of the fur company—was a creole. When an Aleut full-blood Indian entered the schools and showed ability, no hindrance was placed in the way of his advancement;



occasionally he became the favorite of some Russian officer and was helped rapidly forward. Many Indians, in these circumstances, exhibited the capacity of their race for acquiring knowledge and making progress in letters. Several of them had a good degree of attainment in the classics. One of the best physicians during the Russian occupation was an Aleutian; another Aleut was the best navigator ever in the company's service; several were distinguished as accountants and merchants.

The palmy days of schools in Alaska were from 1859 to 1867, when five institutions of learning were open in Sitka. After the purchase, all these, with the exception of two small ones taught by Russian priests and having an average attendance of ten each, were abandoned. Schools were again opened in Alaska, as we have seen, at Wrangell, Sitka and other stations, as the Presbyterian Church sent out missionaries, and at all the stations the most vigorous work has been done in the school, young and old being encouraged to attend. The officers of the United States men-of-

war who have been stationed in Alaskan waters have shown a most noble and enlightened spirit in regard to these schools; they have aided the teachers in securing the attendance of the Indians, have given liberally of their private means, and have done their utmost to make the institutions popular.

When the Rev. Drs. Kendall and Jackson made their visit to Alaska, they were officially requested by the government at Washington to collect information concerning the status of the Indian population, with a view to furnishing the natives education under authority of Congress, as has been done among other Indian tribes in various parts of our country. Not only in Alaska, but among the churches and before the congressional committees, has Dr. Jackson pressed the course of education in Alaska as the basis of all the work of civilization to be there accomplished.

No form of government so depends for efficiency and perpetuity on the general education of the citizens as does the republican. A republic will inevitably fall if its people

are uneducated. The life of a republic is a perpetual struggle against ignorance. The strength of any nation is in the ratio of the acquaintance of the people with the alphabet and their obedience to the ten commandments. France fell before Prussia, not on the question of guns, but on that of spelling-books. An army that could read demolished an army that could not read. France herself recognized this, and almost her first effort at reform was sending schoolmasters into the army and opening communal schools.

Many of the finest thinkers in America are convinced that there should be an educational limit to the franchise; our ablest men are among those who see the necessity of compulsory education. One of the reports from the United States Department of Superintendence of Education says: "An ignorant voter is a peril to the perpetuity and prosperity of our free institutions." Elections by the illiterate are a farce or a tragedy; they often begin in one, and end in the other. Whisky and money rule the polls where there come

to vote men who cannot read their ballot and who have not read the newspaper. Lord Sherburne calls the ballot, in the hands of the man who does not know his letters, "the apotheosis of brute force."

Our general government has come to realize the fruitlessness of trying to compose our Indian difficulties with either bottles, bullets or bullocks. *Books are the only true civilizers*; and so at Carlisle, at Hampden, at Albuquerque and at Forest Grove we have now gathered hundreds of Indian youth—material for citizens. In the beginning of our governmental relations with Alaska it is well to deal with the Indian question there on the basis of the school.

Since the opening of our missions in Alaska the importance of establishing common schools has been urged upon our congressional committees. At Washington, at New York, at Asbury Park, at Chautauqua and at other places, Dr. Jackson has within two years addressed large educational assemblies on the topic,

“The Neglect of Education in Alaska.” As a result of these efforts, a request for an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars by Congress was made by President Arthur on behalf of education in Alaska.

When the school-building at Sitka burned down, a request, strongly endorsed by Secretary Folger, was before the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, that the hospital-building occupied by the boys’ boarding-school of Sitka should be presented to a board of three trustees, to hold for the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, on condition of the premises being repaired and kept open, on proper footing, as a school for Indian boys.

For some years it was the plan of the government to assign to the different religious denominations of the country certain tribes of Indians, in certain specified localities, for the establishment of schools among them. At these schools certain expenses—as the salary of teachers—were paid by the government, and the church provided the other funds needed. If such a plan could be worked out in Alaska, it

would greatly help the natives of the Territory, the government affording support for the teacher, on the ground of a public-school system, and the Church seeing that the teacher was one competent to give religious as well as secular training to the young. The Presbyterian Church has already sent out a number of teachers and established, at large outlay, boarding- and day-schools, with various buildings.

Alaska is the only section of our country where the government has not furnished aid for schools, unless it be in places where local civil aid was sufficient. The friends of education everywhere, in the name of common justice, should press Congress for a school fund for Alaska. The ignorance there is a sore on the body politic; and "if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it."

The National Bureau of Education (February 15, 1882) transmitted to Congress a special message, endorsed by the Secretary of the Interior, asking for fifty thousand dollars for educational purposes in Alaska.

Report of Alaskan schools, March, 1882:

## FORT WRANGELL.

- I. *The Industrial Home*: Mrs. McFarland. Pupils, 30.
- II. *The Day-School*: Miss Dunbar and two assistants. Pupils, 100+.
- III. *The Beach School*: Mrs. Corlies. Attendance, large, but variable; of visiting tribes.
- IV. *The Night-School for Adults*: Messrs. Young and Corlies.

## SITKA.

- I. *The Boarding-School for Boys*: Inmates, 30.
- II. *The Day-School*: Mr. Alonzo Austin, Miss Austin; Matron, Mrs. Austin. Pupils, 250+.
- III. *Russian School at Sitka*: Mrs. Zechard. Pupils, 50.

## TAKOO.

*Summer School*: Dr. and Mrs. Corlies.

## WILLARD.

*Day-School*: Louie and Tillie Paul (natives). Pupils, 60.

## HAINES.

*Day-School*: Rev. E. S. Willard. Pupils, 70.

## BOYD.

*Day-School*: Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Styles. Pupils, 80.

## JACKSON.

*Day-School*: Mr. J. E. Chapman. Pupils, 63.

## UNALASHKA.

*Russian School*: Greek priest. Pupils, 15.

## BELKOFSKY.

*Russian School*: Greek priest. Pupils, 17.

## SEAL ISLANDS.

*Two Schools*: Under care of the Alaskan Commercial Company. Attendance, moderate.

The above represent all the educational privileges of Alaska in 1882, leaving a population of twenty thousand entirely unprovided with schools or teachers. All the institutions above enumerated are on the coast islands, or closely upon the coast, while the interior is as yet entirely destitute. The tribes reached are the Aleuts, the Stickeens, the Takoos, the Hoonyahs, the Chilcats, the Hydahs and the Sitkas. Other tribes are appealing for schools and teachers.

A large field is yet to be reached; for this men and money in no small quantities are called for. It is only fair that to the support of the ordinary day-schools, which are giving instruction in the simplest branches of education and fitting a large population to be useful and self-supporting citizens, government should lend its aid.

But, while philanthropists and friends of education everywhere claim this aid, the Church does not expect to fall back upon it as lessening her own donations, ever increasingly needed in the Sabbath- and boarding-schools and for the sending and



maintaining of missionaries. We look hopefully forward to a day when the faithful toilers in the work in Alaska will see the reward of their heroic and self-sacrificing labors in an enlightened and thriving population, and will joyfully reflect that they have rescued from extinction these interesting branches of the human family. It has been mentioned that at the recommendation of the Hon. Vincent Colger, in 1870 a request was made from the Board of Indian Commissioners that Congress should appropriate one hundred thousand dollars for the education and civilization of Indians in Alaska. The Secretary of the Interior in April, 1870, urged this request upon the United States Senate. The Hon. Felix R. Brunot, chairman of the Board of Indian Commissioners, also urged this appropriation. Finally, a bill was passed appropriating fifty thousand dollars for the establishment of schools for the Alaskan Indians, and placing these tribes under the care of the Department of the Interior. But, though this bill was passed, nothing was done, and for years such men as Brunot, Farwell, Dodge,

Stuart, Bishop and others pleaded hard for government schools and the use of the specified funds. Absolutely nothing was done until 1877, when Mrs. McFarland began her work at Fort Wrangell. The fifty thousand dollars appropriated in 1870 have proved a *vox præterea nihil*; it is to be hoped that the fifty thousand dollars called for in 1881 will have a more substantial existence. Alaska must have common schools and a government. At present there is absolutely no law but revenue law. When that is infringed, the culprits, if they can be secured, are sent to Portland, Oregon, for trial. For several winters the need of Territorial government for Alaska has been urged upon members of Congress; without this, neither life nor property is safe, nor has business any protection in the Territory.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### *BURIAL CUSTOMS OF THE ALASKANS.*

SINCE the earliest times, various methods of disposing of the dead have been in vogue among men. These may be briefly divided as earth-burial, aërial burial, water-burial and cremation, or burning. These modes of burial do not have each a separate *locale* in the various races and tribes, but all the forms may be found to exist in the same race. For instance, our American Indians practice all these methods; and so, from the earliest known date, all the above fashions were used in Asia and in Africa, the religion, the climate or the peculiar circumstances of a country regulating the popularity or the universality of particular fashions.

In dividing as above, earth-burial would include cave-burial and the use of tombs built upon the ground; also in either earth

or aërial burial mummifying the dead may be included. There are also places where one or two of these modes may be combined, as in Siam, where a body is placed, doubled up, in an urn or a jar, having holes for drainage of all moisture; and after a year, during which the body shrivels in this urn, it is either buried or burned.

In common with other Indians of our country, the Alaskans have several styles of disposing of their dead. We give a brief glance at these.

### I. EARTH-BURIAL.

This is probably the oldest form of burial, that practiced by the antediluvians—at least in the line of Seth. We find the elder branch of the Shemites, of which Abraham became the representative, using earth-burial. Among Christian nations, with more or less simplicity of religious form, the body is committed to the dust. Where earth-burial survives in heathenism, it is associated with heathen ceremonies and superstitions.

The Alaskan believes that in the next world the dead need those same aids and



LODGE-BURIAL.



comforts of food, clothes and fire that they needed in this. The Hereafter is vague and horrible; a strange terror broods over the world to come, and upon that mysterious journey from the regions of the known and the finite to the unknown and the infinite.

If a person dies in his house, most of the Alaskan tribes hold that house sacred to the dead and unfit thereafter for the habitation of the survivors; so no living foot may cross that threshold which once the dead has passed in his awful silence. Therefore the dying one, instead of being allowed to rest in peace in his last hours, is hastily lifted from his couch and put out of doors by a hole in the rear wall, so that neither house nor threshold may belong in mystic lien to the departed.

When an earth-burial is made, clothing, weapons, domestic utensils and food are placed in and upon the grave. A fire also is often lighted, and kept burning near the mound for some time, that the spirits may be propitiated and the dead not be cold and without fire with which to cook in the next world. Mr. Willard describes several



scenes where, bodies having been buried, the friends afterward became distressed as to the state of the dead and insisted upon building large funeral-fires above the graves.

Mr. W. H. Dall states that cave-burial was the most ancient method in Alaska, and describes the caves of Adakh and Amaknak. At Adakh there are also burial-mounds, those so far found being small. It will be strange if large ones are not discovered in Alaska, for mound-burial has been practiced from time immemorial by the Mongolian races and the Ugrians. A line of mounds stretches eastward from ancient Lydia, and runs out even on the Kamtchatka or the Chuckee peninsula. Dall also states that poor and unpopular individuals were in burial wrapped in matting and laid on a bed of moss without carvings or offerings near them. We must also remember that slaves, poor widows, young orphans and many others in Alaska are given no burial, but are merely exposed, cast out in the woods or left on the sea-shore for birds, beasts and fishes to devour.



Up to the historic period many Alaskans made mummies of the dead or dried the body in as lifelike a position as possible, putting skin, wooden or clay masks on the faces and ornamenting the wrappings with pictures and totems. On the Aleutian islands bodies are embalmed or dried and kept for a long time. Mothers will retain children's bodies in the house for months, attending to them daily with loving care.

## II. AËRIAL BURIAL.\*

1. *Lodge-Burial*.—Captain F. W. Beechey in his *Narrative of a Voyage* describes Alaskan lodge-burial. The example he details is at Cape Espenberg. Here was really a burial-ground, as a number of the mortuary lodges were grouped. A double tent of drift-wood is put loosely together in a conical form. The logs and spars are fastened with sufficient closeness to prevent the depredations of wolves and foxes. A platform of drift-wood is built in the centre of the tent, and on this the body,

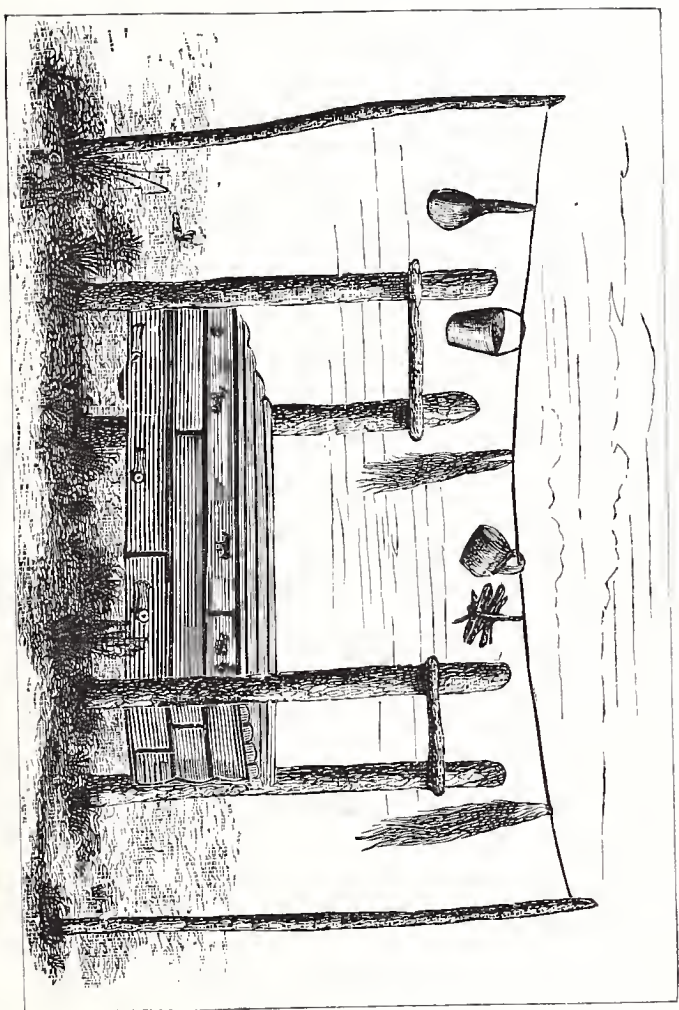
\* This includes all burial above the surface of the earth not in caves or tombs.

dressed in skin or feather robes, is laid, well wrapped in matting up to the neck. Over it is then placed a robe of deer- or wolf-skins. Upon the tent-poles or on the ground near are utensils, as trays, paddles, bowls and musical instruments.

An Indian living at Cape Espenberg was asked the reason of this provision. He pointed to the western sky:

“There, where our dead are gone, they eat, drink, dance and sing songs: we provide for their future.”

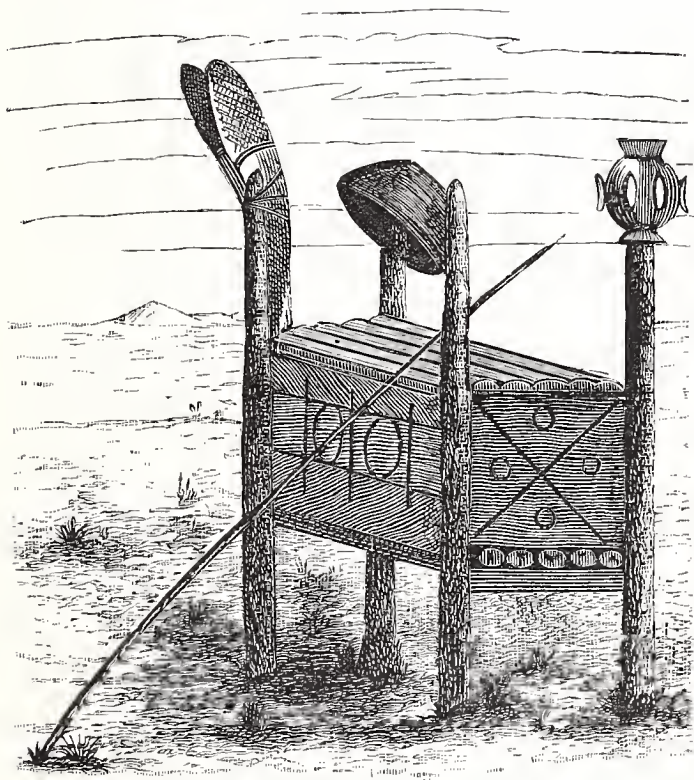
2. *Box-Burial*.—The Innuits and the Ingaliks practice box-burial. A box of strong planks is made, and the body, dressed, is doubled up and laid within it. The sides of the box are colored with red chalk in designs of lines and circles, the totems of the dead and his favorite animals. Four strong spruce posts are set up and the box held between them, from two to four feet above the ground. On each of the four posts an offering is hung, as a kettle, a *kantag*, or eating-dish, a pair of snow-shoes and some other favorite article. A pair of paddles and a



INGALIK GRAVE.



fishing-spear are also set up over the grave, and even a kyack, or canoe, is left there if the dead man was rich.



INNUIT GRAVE.

This custom of putting gifts on a grave need not be sought so far off as Alaska. In Greenwood cemetery, in Père la Chaise

and in many German burial-grounds, one sees graves—especially those of children—covered with toys, either laid exposed upon the grave or protected by a glass case.

In these box-burials the women's graves are known by the utensils of feminine use, the men's by the weapons, placed upon them. If the dead warrior had taken scalps in his battles, these are hung above his last resting-place.

To indicate the period of mourning the Alaskan Indians do not change the fashion of their garments, but cut their hair and abstain from the performance of certain ordinary acts, as hunting birds' eggs or cutting wood. Sometimes, also, they color their faces with dark pigment. The women sit for some time by the dead body, singing mournful chants. At the end of a year they have a feast in honor of the departed, and the mourning-period is considered over. The doubling of the dead bodies causes the coffin of an adult to be short.

3. *Scaffold-Burial*.—Almost all American tribes have practiced burial on scaf-

folds. The reason for this is evident. A people unable to fashion strong wooden or metal coffins would, in a country filled with flesh-eating wild beasts, often find the sepulchres violated. To keep the body from beasts of prey, it could be laid high up on a scaffold, with the additional advantage that the sun and the wind would soon dry and shrivel it.

In Alaska two or three forms of aërial burial are practiced.

A scaffold from eight to fifteen feet high is made, strongly lashed together, and on this is placed a platform, hung a little lower than the tops of the scaffold-poles. The body is then wrapped either in skins or in matting and laid on the platform. It is covered either by a box of spruce boards or by a skin robe. The poles are then hung with the usual offerings. Under this scaffold the mourners keep their watch with fires, songs and prayers or incantations for the dead.

Scaffold-burial is practiced by nations very remote from each other, as the Alaskan Indians and the native Australians.



Another form of Alaskan scaffold-burial is in canoes. The canoe—often a very handsome one—of bark, covered with pictures and thirty feet long, is suspended between poles. The dead lies in this canoe, and over the body a smaller canoe is turned, affording protection from birds or from the weather.

These canoe burial-places—in the solemn stillness and darkness of the spruce and cedar woods, and usually on the bank of some wide stream—are picturesque and touching. The bowls, the cups, the weapons of the dead one, suggest the occupations of his life, and also the blackness that brooded over his future when he drifted into another world, utterly unknown, that all his life had bounded his horizon with a wall of darkness out of which had never come the word: “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things God hath prepared for those that love him.”

A fourth form of aërial burial is that of placing a platform in high trees where several branches afford a support for the





CANOE-BURIAL.





BURIAL-BASKET FOR A BABY.

structure. Sometimes a canoe is put on the platform, sometimes the body is merely

wrapped in skins; or a canoe is hung in the tree, without platform.

Yet another form of aërial burial is by baskets. This is most used for children, but sometimes for adults. The basket is frequently shaped like the papoose cradle, with a board at the back, a matting or wicker front and a handle at top, by which to suspend it. The body is packed in dried moss or grass.

### III. HOUSE-BURIAL.

The Indians sometimes devote one of their houses to the use of their dead. This is common where an epidemic has prevailed and several members of the family have died of it. Dall describes coming upon a cluster of houses on the bank of the Yukon, out of which the few persons left living had departed and the dead kept their state alone. Little flags and fragments of cloth fluttered as offerings above these homes of the lost. The domestic utensils were scattered at their doors; the canoes, drawn up on the bank, rotted in sun and rain. Whole families had here perished as

everywhere the aborigines or Mongolian Americans are perishing, and the dead-houses by the Yukon were but types and precursors of the dwelling-places of that entire race, except those fragments which Christianity is now tardily snatching from destruction.

When the family-dwelling is not used as a tomb, sometimes smaller houses of spruce logs and planks are built for this purpose. At other times the burial-house is a strong skin tent raised on a platform, out of reach of wild animals.

Dall found at several Indian cemeteries for lodge-burials very elaborate carvings, totems and ornaments of great value; also carvings and tracings singularly like those of the Ugrian Cave-Dwellers in France. In all Indian burials the distinctions of caste or of wealth are very particularly marked. Often, in house- or basket-burials, boxes of food are hung up for the use of the dead.

#### IV. WATER-BURIAL.

This is the form that has been least practiced by our American Indians. An-

ciently, the custom was not uncommon, especially in the Ugrian stock. That the Ugrians had this fashion in very early days is testified by the legends. We are told that the Hyperboreans—"furthest removed of all the gods"—cast themselves into the sea when they found death near. Baldur the Beautiful, Freya's son, was sent to sea in a burning burial-ship, when, by the machinations of Loki, he had lost his life. Alaric the Goth was buried in the bed of a stream. The dead De Soto was committed to the Mississippi at flood, his body being enclosed in a weighted and hermetically-sealed wooden chest.

The Alaskans mostly practice aquatic burial for women, slaves or witches who have been murdered by shamanism, casting their bodies into the sea. Dead babies are also often put into a little canoe, the child's body being also in the cradle or basket enclosure padded with moss in which it passes the first year of its life. This little canoe the poor mother pushes out into the stream, and the stream gives it to the river, the river to the sea. Possibly she dreams that



the gods watch the floating casket and somewhere on the journey receive the child. Knowing her own hard life and the bitter bondage of all her diminishing people, she may consider the little one far better off in early taking its chances of the Unknown.

At all these burials certain rites and ceremonies are common. Clothing, blankets, furs, all kinds of valuable native property, will be burned or given away. Sacrifices, as of animals, but most often of slaves, are also common. Widows are burned—not quite to death, but flung into the fire and then pulled out and thrown back until insensibility supervenes. Funeral songs, feasts and dances are customary, and certain games are sacred to funerals and supposed to conduce to the happiness of the spirit.

## V. CREMATION.

The last method of disposing of the dead remaining to be noticed is cremation. This is one of the most ancient forms among all nations. Profane history chronicles the custom of burning the bodies of

the dead from a period coincident with the eighth judge of Israel. It probably originated early, among the Fire-Worshipers, and fire- or sun-worship no doubt dates from Babel, or even earlier.

Cremation, in Alaska, seems a coarse, curious, grotesque caricature of the Roman ceremony. The Alaskan builds his pyre wide and high. He wraps his dead in his best garments and lays him on the pile; then upon him are heaped offerings from friends, and the personal and most useful property of the deceased. One after another the gifts accumulate—food, carvings, spoons, bowls, paddles, spears, bows and arrows, blankets, furs, snowshoes, clothes,—a goodly heap. The shaman begins his incantations and his dancing; the mourners break into their death-wail and their funeral-chants. As the torch is applied that frenzy which fire inspires in human bosoms takes full possession of the bystanders; leaps, howls, cries, drinking—orgies of all kinds—break forth. One stirs the fire; another adds fuel; a third flings on further gifts. The yelling sha-





ANTHONY & BAKER SCOT.

ALASKAN CREMATION.



man encourages the madness. Often human life is sacrificed; at all times loss of property, wounds and bruises are the results. This method of disposing of the dead is that most firmly entrenched among the Alaskan tribes. To destroy this custom our missionaries have directed their first efforts, since all the Alaskan superstitions seem to cluster about that blazing pyre.

"Burn my body! Burn me!" pleaded a dying Alaskan. "I fear the cold. Why should I go shivering through all the ages and the distances of the next world?"

The renunciation of cremation and the acceptance of Christian burial are among the first marks of the civilizing or the Christianizing process among the native population. "Will you burn or will you bury your dead?" becomes a test-question. Around the burning cling all the superstitions and all the degrading rites of their heathenism.

## CHAPTER XV.

### *INDIAN PROGRESS IN ALASKA.*

**D**R. CORLIES, writing of the feast at Shaaks's house, which has been described in the chapter on Fort Wrangell, says: "After the feast the tables are removed and the people prepare to enjoy the evening in innocent games, the impromptu soldiers going through their drill, etc. Before the amusements commence, however, Shaaks stands up and tells how they have been bound hand and foot by superstition. Pointing to one of the large elaborately-carved pillars which support the house, he says, 'We used to ask that image for advice, and it would speak to us; now I am going to speak to it, and I think it will answer me.' He then addresses it, but of course no answer comes

from its wooden lips. He says, 'It does not speak ; it cannot speak. We for ever put all this foolishness away.' In former times they would bring out a man dressed as a white bear, and this to them was so sacred an occasion that two or three slaves must be sacrificed to appease the bear. Shaaks speaks again : ' A short time ago we would not have dared to bring this bear out without sacrificing a slave, but now we bring him out for the last time, just to show that we put all these things away.' These are some of the results effected by the preaching of the gospel of Christ Jesus among this superstitious and degraded people. To God be all the praise !"

This same chief, George Shaaks, delivered the following address (August 4, 1879) in a conference at the Rev. Mr. Young's house, in Fort Wrangell :

"Formerly my heart all sick. Tears in my eyes all the time because my people die so fast. Now my heart warm as I see you and hear your good words. Last winter, when I was called Shaaks" (suc-

ceeded to the chieftainship of the tribe), "only two of my family living. My brother took sick, and I did everything I could to make him well. I tried white doctors and Indian medicine-men; they could not make him well. I very sorry. I wanted to die too. I understand now: God took his breath. I couldn't make him well against God. Sometimes I have one mind toward God, and sometimes another; but now I have one mind. Now I know God is above all. Now I know God is stronger than all.

"After steamboat left" (referring to a previous conference on the Stickeen River), "I went to the Indian village. All the people asked me what you say. They all say they wanted to be saved. They wanted Mr. Young to tell them about God. They wanted to be Mr. Young's friends.

"After you gone I hurried down the river to see you. I left all my berries and fish, and came all night. I heard that you were three men high among the people—that you were three strong men in the

Church. I didn't know what you wanted to see me, an Indian, for. Now I know you love me and my people, and my heart grows strong in the right way. . . .

"Formerly, Indians very strange. All their ways and habits and customs very different; so that when they heard about God they laughed at him. We did not know any better; now we learned more about him. Formerly we made strange his name; now we love him and want to do as he says."

When the Sheldon Jackson Institute, at Sitka, was burned, some of the boys wrote these following letters. They were boys who had been in school less than two years—some only one year—entering without knowledge of English.

"DEAR MRS. H.: Our house is burnt down. All the boys was sleeping. It began at three o'clock. One boy called out *fire, our house is burning*. We thought our teacher was burning too. Two boys got up to the teacher. Everything is safty except our flag and orgen. . . . I dont kno

you yet. Nex stemer I write to you Beter than this time.

“Yrs respectfully,  
“LUKE.”

“Sitka, Feb. 9th, 1882.

“DEAR FRIEND: our House is Burnt down we cant find a good House now teacher Said to us that he would find a good nex Summer we didn't know anything about it one Boy call out fire Boys our House is burning all the Boys run out we thought our teacher was burning I run up to the teacher & our teacher is good we can't find bter teacher and him. well you please our flag is burnt

“all the Boys was Sorry for you flag the big Stove is Safe jack william got it out

“our School was on fire first fore thise reason we didn't git our flag

“Sand me answe nex Stemmer

“I send my best respect to all boys and to you also

“yours truly  
“ned”



"DEAR MRS. H.: Our house is burnt down; all the boys was sleeping. We didn't know anything about it. I think we will have a nice house soon, and when we are living in it I will write to you and let you know. I feel very sorry because our house was burnt down; it was a very nice house, but now we haven't got such a nice house. If you like this letter I'll write to you again next boat. My teacher is very good to me.

"ARCHIE."

A girl from Mrs. McFarland's home-school writes:

"Fort Wrangell, Alaska,

"Feb. 13, '82.

"DEAR —: As I think it would be a great disappointment to you to not receive a word from me, I will write now thanking you very much for sending me a pretty card although I have nothing to give in return. I know you would like to hear something about our Christmas, on the forenoon the outside school boys and girls and we home girls were gathered in our school room and had a treat, and pres-

ents were given to the day scholars, and all left the room with a happy heart, and at about seven o'clock on the eve, only we home girls had our tree in the school room, and two of the larger girls played on the organ, and one of the little girls said a piece to Santa Claus, and after the presents were passed to us, I had eight presents of which two of them I will name, the first was a beautiful bible from our Pastor, Mr. Young, and the other a large blue covered scrap-book a present for having the most head marks in my class. After we all had our presents we played in the room till it was time to go to bed, and all went with happy hearts. On New Years morning we had our gifts under our plates, and had a happy New Year. I must tell you that I have a bible class on sundays, all the little girls that can read pretty well, and I am proud of my class too, you asked me how old I am well I am two years older than you, and I have been in the home two years. Good bye for the present.

“From your Friend,

“JENNIE M. TAMAREE.”

Tillie Paul writes from her Chilcat mission :

“I am so disappointed because the people makes liquor themselves ; we hope and pray that it may not be a great while before the stop it. And now while I am writing to you, a drunken woman came in and held my hand, and I run out with my pencil in my hand. Another time the chief drank, and the wife and some other Indians, and we didn't have our dinner all day. I don't know what to do—that makes my heart nearly break to see them drank. I wish I could do anything for these poor ignorant souls, but I pray that God might save them.

“One thing we need the most, is a large hand Bell. We got a tin-pan, but it's not loud enough. My school are getting on very nicely ; they are improving very much. Another thing we need, Sabbath-school papers. We did not have any boards to make a table ; no bedsteads either ; just sleep in a cooking house, with 13 persons in one house. And now in haste I close with Christian love.

“P. S. I would like if there were law to restraint those Indians from making liquor, for there is plenty of it in this place, for it is the root of all evil amongst them. If the liquor was taken from them, they would be peaceable Indians.”

The writer of the above letter was educated in Mrs. McFarland's school at Fort Wrangell. She is now stationed with her husband at the most northern mission as yet attempted in Alaska. We have not attempted to correct the letter, but let it be remembered that four years ago she was a heathen child, with no knowledge of letters or of Christianity.

## APPENDIX.

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### CHRONOLOGY OF EVENTS IN ALASKA MISSIONS.

#### 1877.

August 10.—The Rev. Sheldon Jackson and Mrs. A. R. McFarland land at Fort Wrangell and commence Presbyterian missions in Alaska.

December 28.—Clah (Philip) dies at Fort Wrangell.

#### 1878.

January.—The Rev. John G. Brady is appointed by the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions for service in Alaska.

March 15.—Mr. Brady arrives at Fort Wrangell.

March 24.—The first Christian marriages among Alaskans, by Rev. J. G. Brady.

April 11.—Rev. J. G. Brady and Miss F. Kellogg reach Sitka.

April 17.—Miss Kellogg opens school in Sitka.

June.—Rev. J. G. Brady visits the Hoonyah, Hootsnoo and other tribes north and east of Sitka.

August 8.—Rev. S. H. Young arrives at Fort Wrangell.

October 12.—“The McFarland Home” started.

December.—Rev. S. H. Young and Miss F. Kellogg married.

December 5.—Rev. Dr. Jackson and Mrs. J. McNair

Wright issue an appeal for Christmas donations to the building fund for the "McFarland Home."

### 1879.

June 23.—Rev. W. H. R. Corlies and family reach Fort Wrangell.

July 14.—The Rev. Drs. Kendall, Jackson and Lindsley, with ladies, arrive.

August 3.—Church organized at Fort Wrangell.

August 12.—Dr. Jackson starts on a canoe-trip of two hundred and fifty miles, and holds councils with the chiefs of the Hydah, Tongass, Tsimpsean and Chilcat tribes.

September 14.—Mr. A. E. Austin opens the Russian school in Sitka.

October 5.—Church-building at Fort Wrangell occupied. Rev. S. H. Young, with four Indians, makes a canoe-trip among the tribes north to the Chilcats.

### 1880.

March 25.—Miss Linnie Austin reaches Sitka.

April—Revs. S. H. Young and G. W. Lyon make a canoe-trip among the Hydah villages.

May.—Rev. G. W. Lyon and wife reach Sitka.

August.—Mrs. Dickinson first native Alaskan teacher among the Chilcats.

November.—"The Sheldon Jackson Institute," an industrial training-school for boys, opened at Sitka.

### 1881.

March 25.—The Rev. E. S. Willard is appointed to labor for the Chilcats, and Mr. A. E. Austin for Sitka.

May 30.—The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church attaches Alaska to the Synod of the Columbia.

July 18.—Rev. E. S. Willard and wife, accompanied by Dr. Jackson, reach Portage Bay, and establish the Chilcat mission at Haines.

July 20.—No house or schoolroom is ready for the Willards, and no funds have been provided for erecting these buildings. The missionaries being shelterless, Dr. Jackson borrows money and puts up a house and schoolhouse. When Dr. Jackson returns to New York, the Woman's Executive Committee assumes the responsibility and repays the outlay.

August 5.—Accompanied by Dr. W. H. Corlies, Dr. Jackson goes to the villages of the Hoonyah tribe and locates the mission to the Hoonyahs, naming the station "Boyd" and providing for buildings.

August 15.—Mr. W. B. Styles and Miss Ettie Austin married at Sitka.

November 7.—Walter B. Styles and wife open school at Boyd with sixty Indian pupils.

August 22.—Drs. Corlies and Jackson and Mr. J. E. Chapman set out on a canoe-trip of five hundred miles to the Hydah villages on Prince of Wales Island. A mission, named by the missionaries "Jackson," located near the Indian village of Howkan.

September 12.—Mr. Chapman opens the mission-school at Jackson.

November 22.—Rev. J. L. Gould is commissioned to the Hydahs at Jackson, and Mrs. A. E. Austin is appointed matron at "The Sheldon Jackson Institute," Sitka.

December.—Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Styles are commissioned teachers to the Hoonyahs at Boyd, Mr. J. E. Chapman to the Hydahs at Jackson, and the Rev. John W. McFarland as medical missionary to Fort Wrangell.

## 1882.

January 24.—"The Sheldon Jackson Institute" burned at Sitka.

February 4.—Post-office secured by Dr. Jackson for Roberts, on Fontaine Bay, Klawack, Jackson and Haines.

March 11.—Rev. J. W. McFarland, nephew of Mrs. R. A. McFarland, arrives at Fort Wrangell.

March 13.—Rev. J. W. McFarland and Miss Dunbar married at Fort Wrangell.

May.—Rev. J. L. Gould reaches Jackson.

June.—Rev. Dr. Corlies opens mission to Takoos at Juneau.

August 1.—Dr. Jackson concludes the raising of five thousand dollars for rebuilding "The Sheldon Jackson Institute," at Sitka.

September 10.—Saw-mill, purchased with funds raised by Dr. Jackson and Mrs. J. M. Ham, is landed at Jackson. Miss C. F. Gould, missionary-teacher, reaches Jackson.

September 12.—Rev. Dr. Jackson arrives at Sitka, with Miss B. L. Matthews, missionary-teacher to the Chilcats.

September 13.—The Rev. J. G. Brady presents the mission at Sitka with one hundred and sixty acres of land, upon which Dr. Jackson erects the new mission-buildings.

December.—A girls' department is added to the Sheldon Jackson Institute.

### 1883.

February 9.—The McFarland Home, at Fort Wrangell, is burned, with all furniture, clothing, stores, etc.

March.—Dr. Jackson receives a contract from the United States Post-Office Department to supply the stations at Haines, Roberts, Klawack and Jackson with a monthly mail, to be carried by Indians in canoes.

June.—Mr. W. Donald McLeod is sent to Jackson to erect the saw-mill and teach the natives how to use it.

### INDIAN RACES.

*Retzius* and *Humboldt* find the Pacific coast Indians "related to the Mongols, and that their skulls bear strong resemblance to the Mongol Kalmucks."

*Sir John Richardson* calls "the Finns, Lapps and Esquimaux littoral peoples."

*William H. Dall*, denying that these Esquimaux came from Asia, gathers their strongly-marked tribes into the term "*Orarian peoples*."



*Morton* says: "The race of the circumpolar regions, European, Asian and American, is a distinct people."

*Foster* remarks: "The Lapps, Finns and Esquimaux have not shown a desire to penetrate: they are a race that retreat before the advance of civilization."

*Dr. Sheldon Jackson*, having studied the Alaskan tribes in their own homes, pronounces them, in mental traits, artistic ideas and methods of labor, singularly like the Mongolian Japanese.

*William H. Dall* says that many of the abodes of his *Orarians* are identical with those of the Cave-Dwellers of Central and Southern Europe, and their drawings are singularly analogous to those found in the caves of Dordogne, France.

Lately (1882), British Columbian miners found in Indian graves, etc., near Alaska, *Chinese coins*, which were pronounced by intelligent Chinese to belong to some of the oldest coinage of the empire.

*Catlin's* investigations led him to the same result, finding, especially among the Indians of the Pacific coast, strongly-marked traces of Mongolian origin.

#### ON THE FORMATION OF HOME-MISSION BANDS.

Every Presbyterian church should have its mission-bands for young people. No matter how small or how poor the church organization may be, it will be capable, rightly directed, of doing some missionary work; and that church thrives best that has the most missionary spirit. Nothing so harmonizes and enlightens and liberalizes a church as to have its elements drawn together in some common missionary enterprise.

Some have objected that it was difficult to have boys' mission-bands, because there was little work that the boys could do, and little to occupy them at their meetings. Boys too have complained, with some justice, that "all the folks did with them in mission-work was to tell them to bring their money."

If missionary news is brightly and graphically given, boys

will be interested in it; and the leader of a band should give time to collecting and arranging such news, in order to make it attractive. The boys can themselves read at their meetings missionary items, tales or letters and speak missionary pieces. A band should also be put in correspondence with a missionary, members of the band in turn writing the letters. Boys interested in the support of a boy in some of our Indian schools will find great satisfaction in securing their funds by gardening, poultry-raising or doing such work as they can obtain. Boys make excellent collectors of band funds. Where there are "working-meetings" of a band, the boys need not be idle; hundreds of pretty fancy advertisement cards can be collected; and hymns, texts and verses can be neatly glued over the advertisement, making beautiful and highly-valued cards for mission-schools. Picture-books, durable and of light weight, can be made of leaves cut from various-colored paper cambrics, the edges carefully pointed with scissors, and pictures and verses pasted on, the leaves then sewn loosely together and fastened with a bow of ribbon.

Parcels of clothing, Christmas presents, books, cards, etc., can be sent by mail to any mission-station in the United States, each bundle containing not over four pounds. No bottles of liquids and no confections are allowed by the mail laws in such packages.

A band can have meetings at regular times, to suit convenience; they can have membership fees and regular contributions, or not; they can raise their funds by their own subscriptions, by making collections, by having concerts, fairs or suppers. All these arrangements must be left to the good judgment of band-leaders, and be governed by the circumstances in which the band finds itself. The one grand affair is to have the band on some terms. Wherever there is a church without such an organization for the training and utilizing of the young, any Christian woman in that church should resolutely make up her mind that she and her church shall not die of dry-rot, as they certainly *will* if apathy in Christian work continues.

But "How shall we start a band?" comes the cry from all quarters. And we issue in answer the very simplest instructions.

Christian sister, when this burden is laid on you, do not feel that you must spend weeks discussing it with the whole community. Mention it to those whom you can who may help you, but begin—begin! Find a place for a meeting. Open your own dining-room or sitting-room, or beg some neighbor's room, or get the use of the Sabbath-school room. Give out a notice in church and Sabbath-school that "all the young people," "the girls" or "the boys," or "the boys and the girls," just as you have decided is best, will meet you at such a time and place to hear something of interest. In the days that remain before the meeting speak to every one you meet or can see, or send out notes, or get one or two of your young folks to go out, urging the desired parties to attend. When they come together, be sure you have made your plan beforehand, and have something to propose clearly and do not daze the beginners with indefiniteness. Your own judgment will have taught you whether your society will be able to maintain a teacher or a pupil or to send packages of clothing to one of the homes or schools. Lay this plan before your little meeting; make it look just as pleasant as you can; get them interested; secure an expression of opinions; let them tell how they will do their part; make some of them officers; *and hold the reins yourself*—the more skillfully and easily, the better.

Where there are any girls to be got together, it is always best to have a regular sewing-meeting—don't make it a neighborhood terror by including tea—for if girls meet to sew for any object, they will become more steadily interested. Give your society or your band a name; let them select it themselves, and let them choose a motto-text, and be sure you get missionary literature, leaflets, tracts, papers, and distribute among them. Show them missionary pictures and read them missionary letters. I have encouraged many small workers to faithful effort by promising.

when they had completed a garment, to pin to it a paper with the maker's name and age.

One earnest-minded woman can start a society in most unpromising fields if she have executive ability ; and if she lacks in this, let her cultivate it. Let us suppose, my dear woman, that you have a large dining- or other room that you can open on Saturdays from two o'clock until five. Suppose you have a little money to lay out and considerable ingenuity in using your material. Keep this society and its work always before you. When you shop, keep your eyes open for good bargains and for remnants sold at reduced rates. Think of your society, if only to take out the spare pennies of change in spools of thread, in buttons, needles, pins, for it. Have the society sewing-box always handy to receive sewing-implements, the odd buttons, spools, remnants of tape, and so on. Have the society basket near at hand for the bits of flannel for needle-book flies ; the scraps of velvet for pocket pincushions ; the scraps of silk for boys' ties ; the scraps of calico to cut patchwork to send to that Alaskan sewing-school ; the squares of plaid or cretonne or silk or bright cashmere for work-bags ; the remnants of flannel that will make hoods or skirts ; the odds and ends of worsted to crochet into scarfs ; the odd yards of shirting left over that will make aprons and shirt-waists ; the gingham for skirts and dresses. Dun your friends : you can be a great means of grace to stingy people by making them give something. Take your spare hours for cutting and work ; ask a friend or some skillful miss to tea to help cut and baste. Buy your dolls by the dozen, with light bodies, when you go into the city ; keep your girls at work Saturday after Saturday, and the year will show many garments sent to the homes, and more than one Christmas tree hanging full of gifts.

If there is no one woman with leisure, room and means—and, really, it does not take many dollars yearly to keep such a society going—let two or three get together and club their resources. If they cannot, unaided, meet the express or postage charges, make collections to that end.

Where the members of a band are able, let them bring their own material. A band can always secure a child to dress, having its measurements sent by the teacher, if they write to one of our Indian schools. Often it is more convenient to cut out garments of all kinds and sizes as one has material and proper workers to make them up, and send underclothes, shirts, night-dresses, aprons, gowns, hoods, socks, scarfs, mittens, ruffles, handkerchiefs, hose, boys' wear, skirts, neckties, caps, just as they can be made ready—and children will be found to fit them.

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TABLE OF DISTANCES.

	MILES.
San Francisco to Portland . . . . .	746
Portland to Port Townsend (by sea) . . . . .	361
Port Townsend to Fort Wrangell . . . . .	817
San Francisco to Fort Wrangell . . . . .	1700
Fort Wrangell to Sitka ( <i>viâ</i> Sumner Strait) . . . . .	190
Fort Wrangell to Sitka ( <i>viâ</i> Peril Strait) . . . . .	230
Sitka to Juneau ( <i>viâ</i> Peril Strait) . . . . .	180
Sitka to Haines " " . . . . .	195
Juneau to Haines . . . . .	100
Sitka to Jackson (outside passage) . . . . .	225
Jackson to Fort Wrangell ( <i>viâ</i> Klawack and Roberts) . . . . .	195
Fort Wrangell to Metlakatla . . . . .	195
Metlakatla to Port Townsend . . . . .	725

The above are not air-line distances, but approximate sailing distances in statute miles.

THE END.











